

NATIONAL

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OCTOBER
No. 56

COMICS

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

THE Barker
gives the gate
to *The*
GRIFFER!

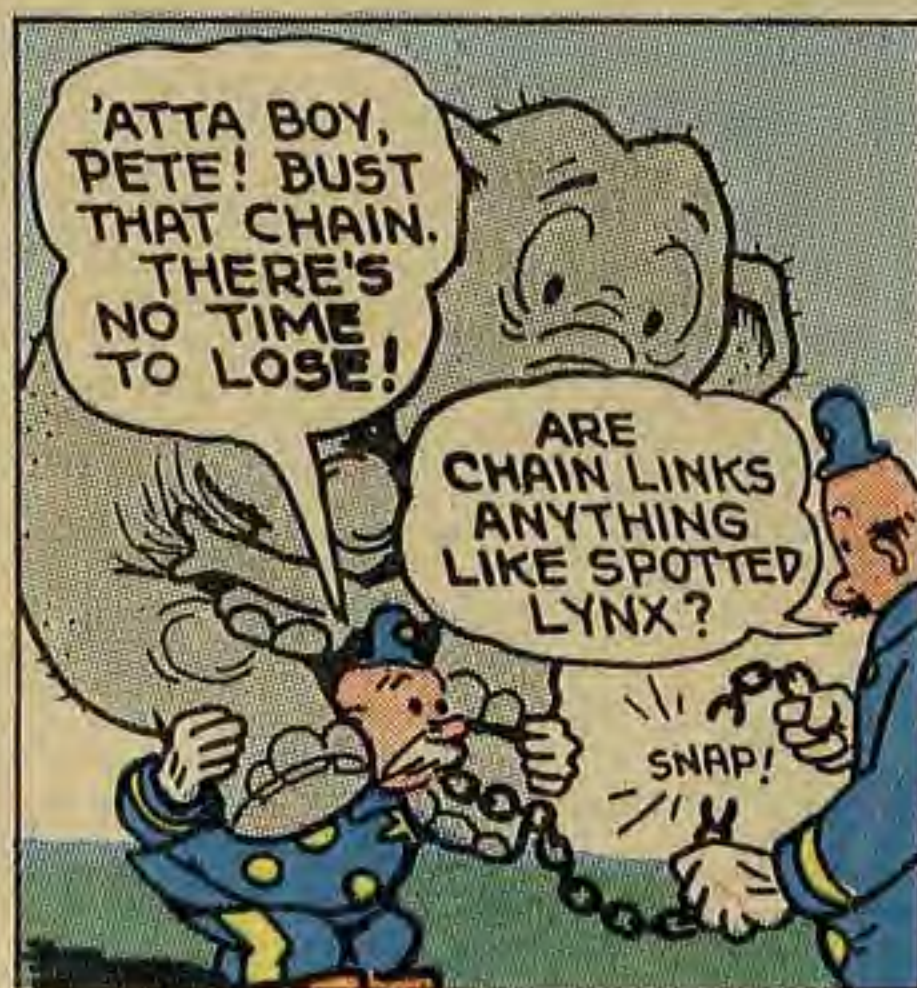
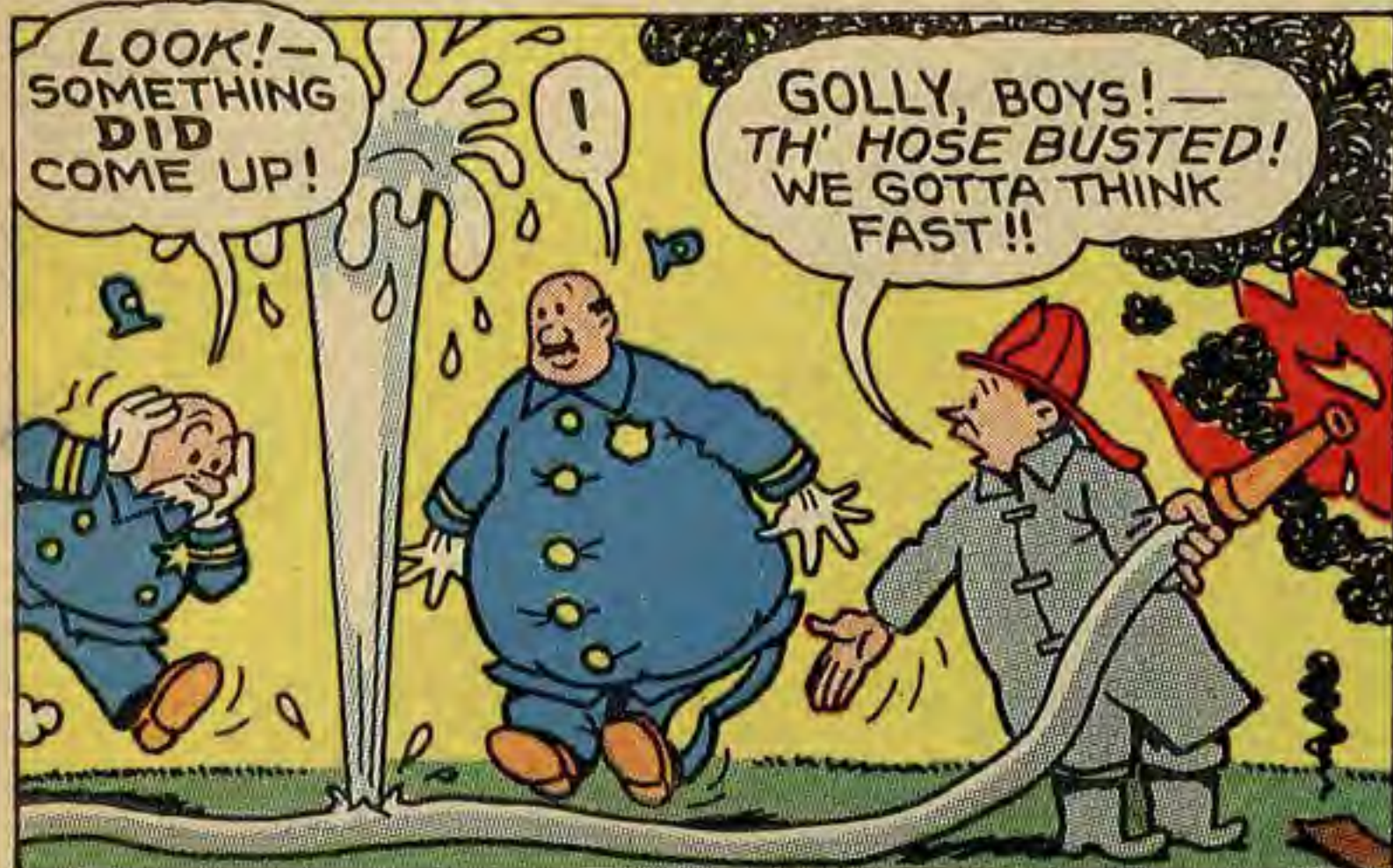


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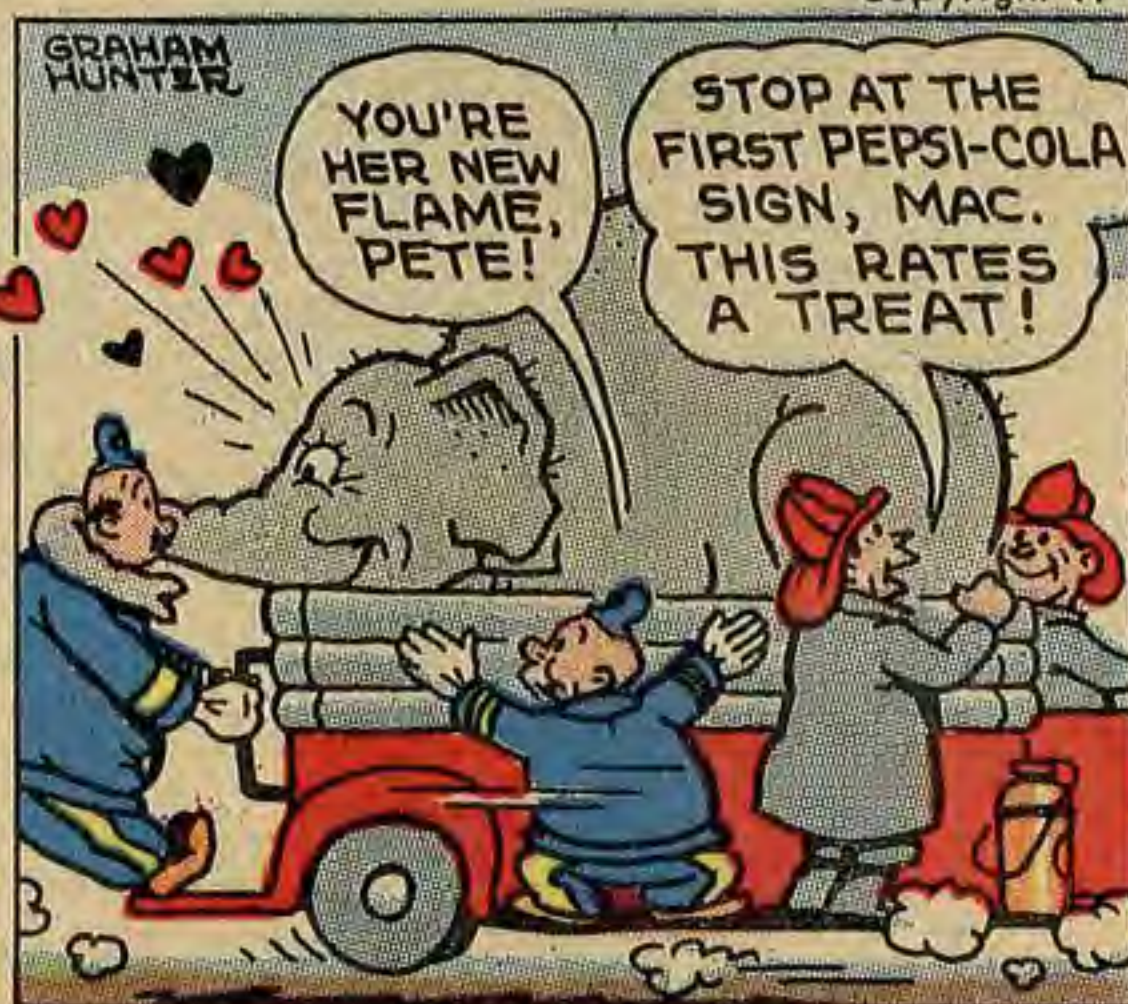
"PEPSI!"

The PEPSI-COLA

COP



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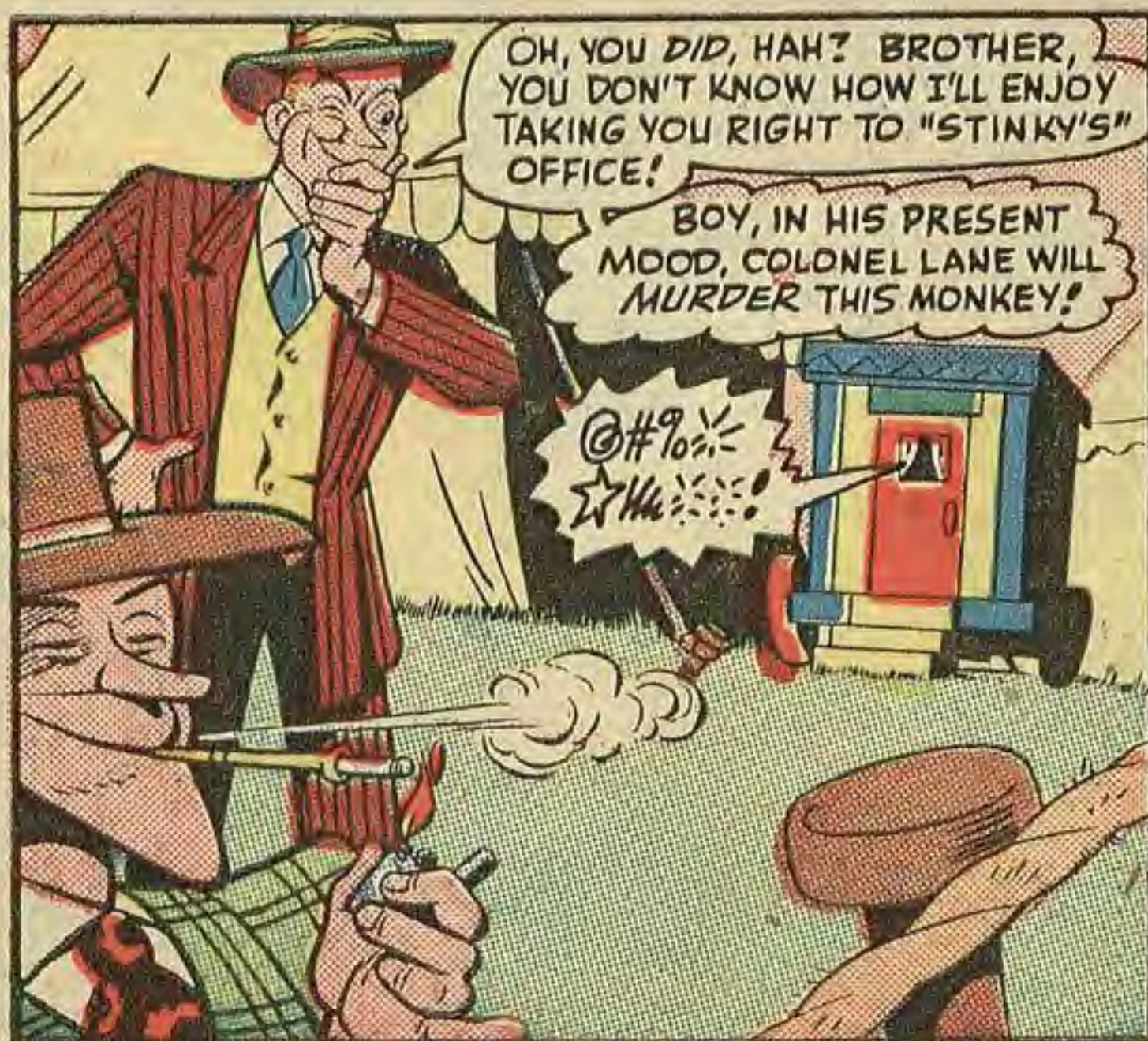
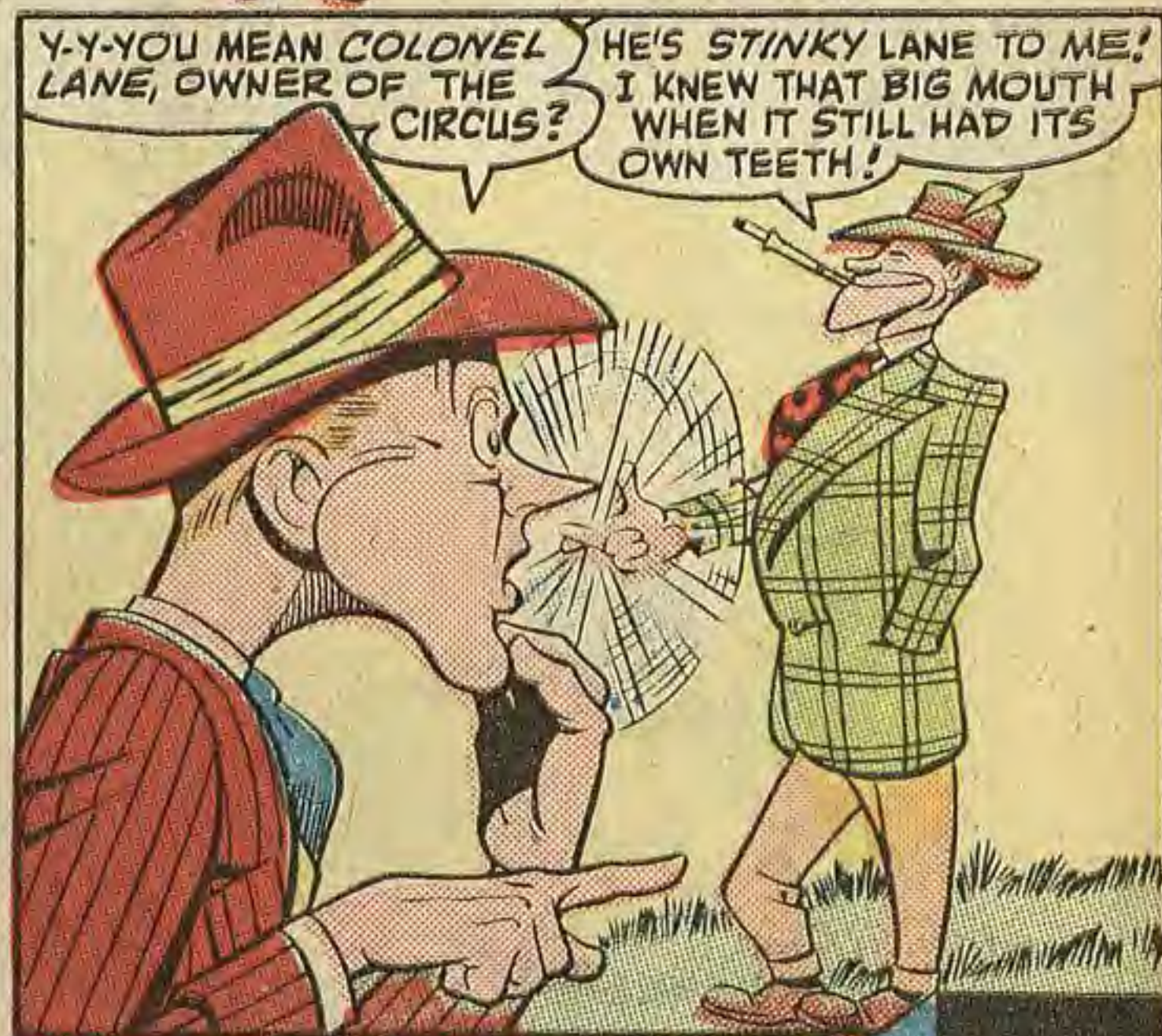
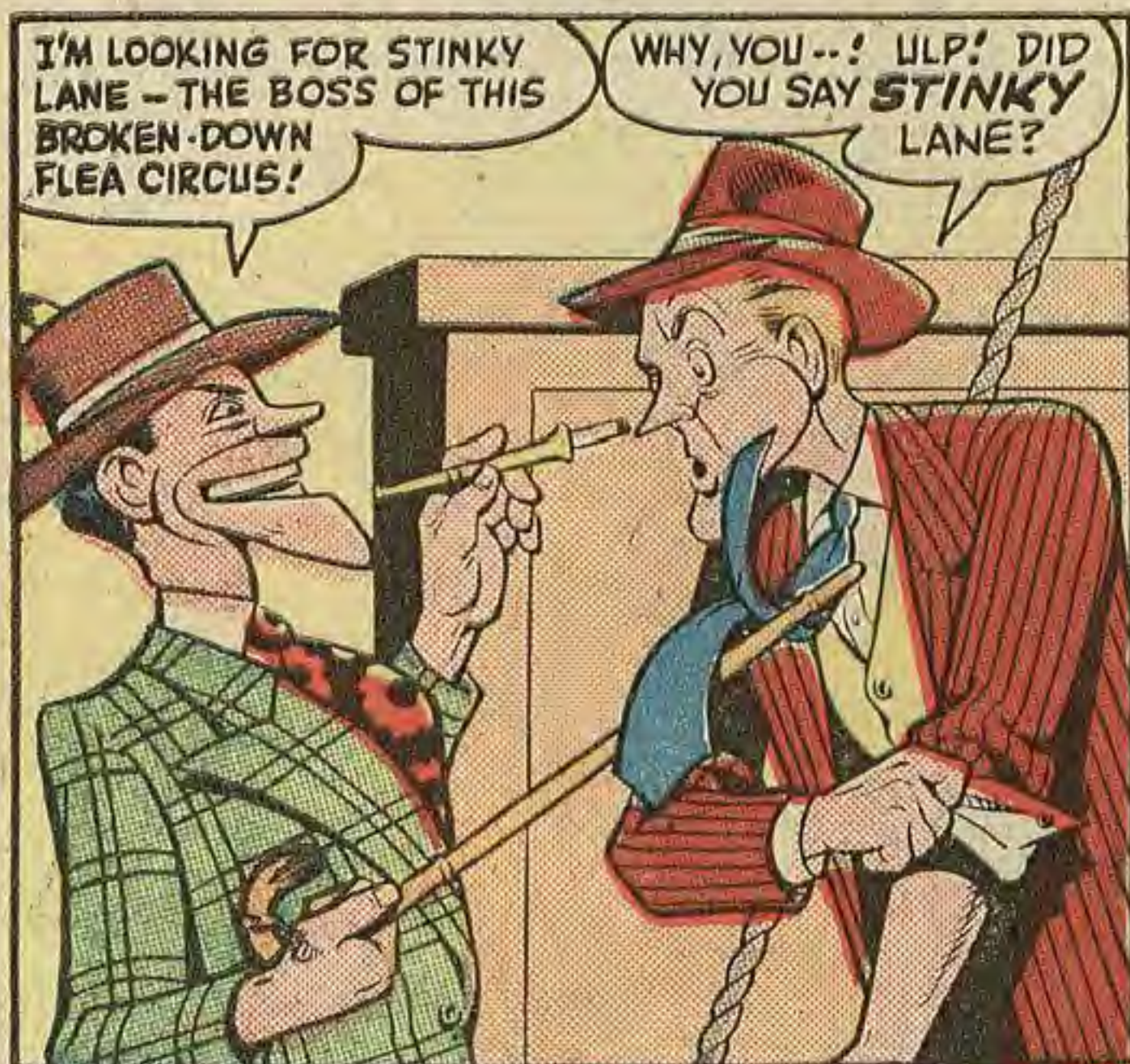
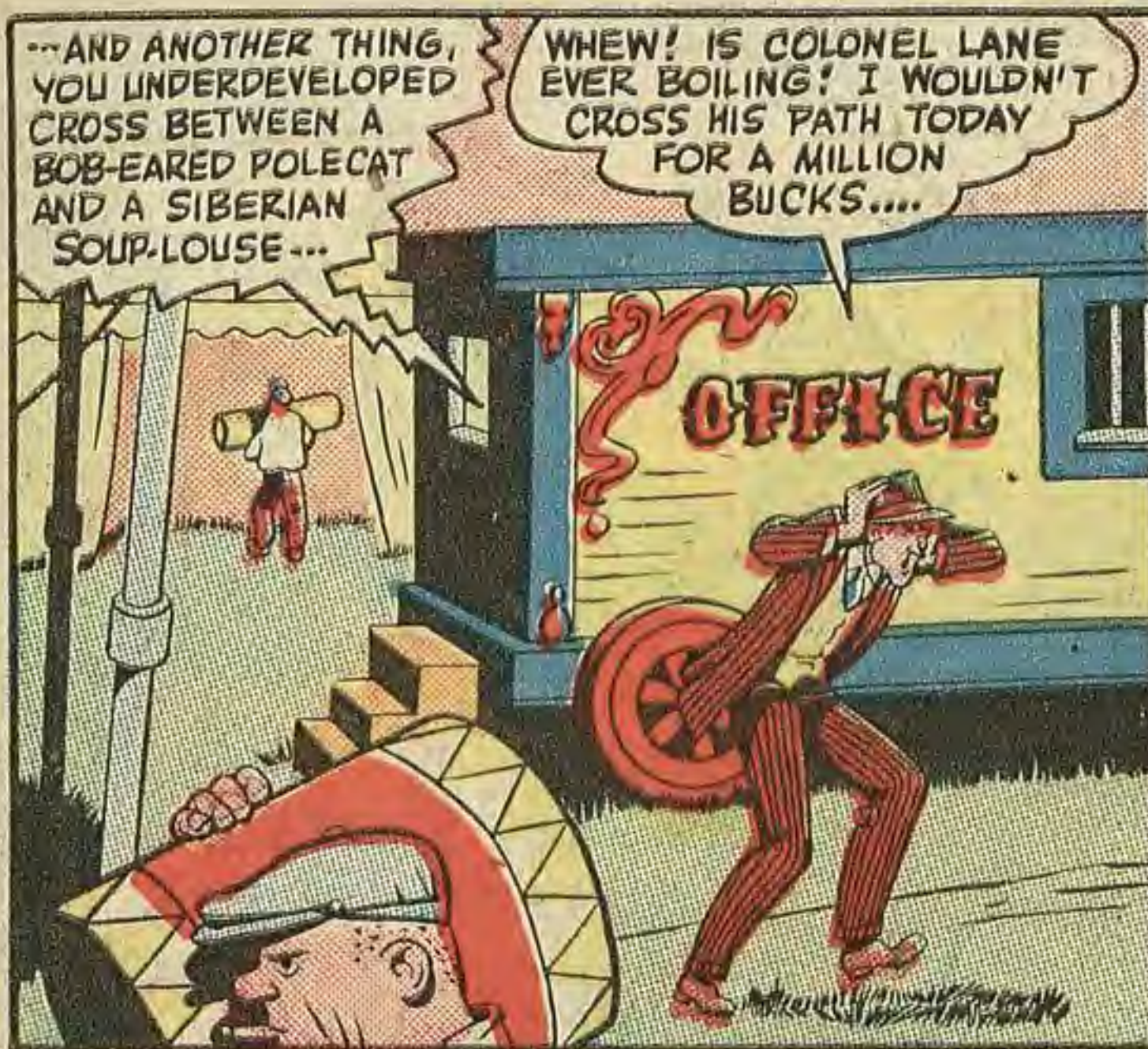


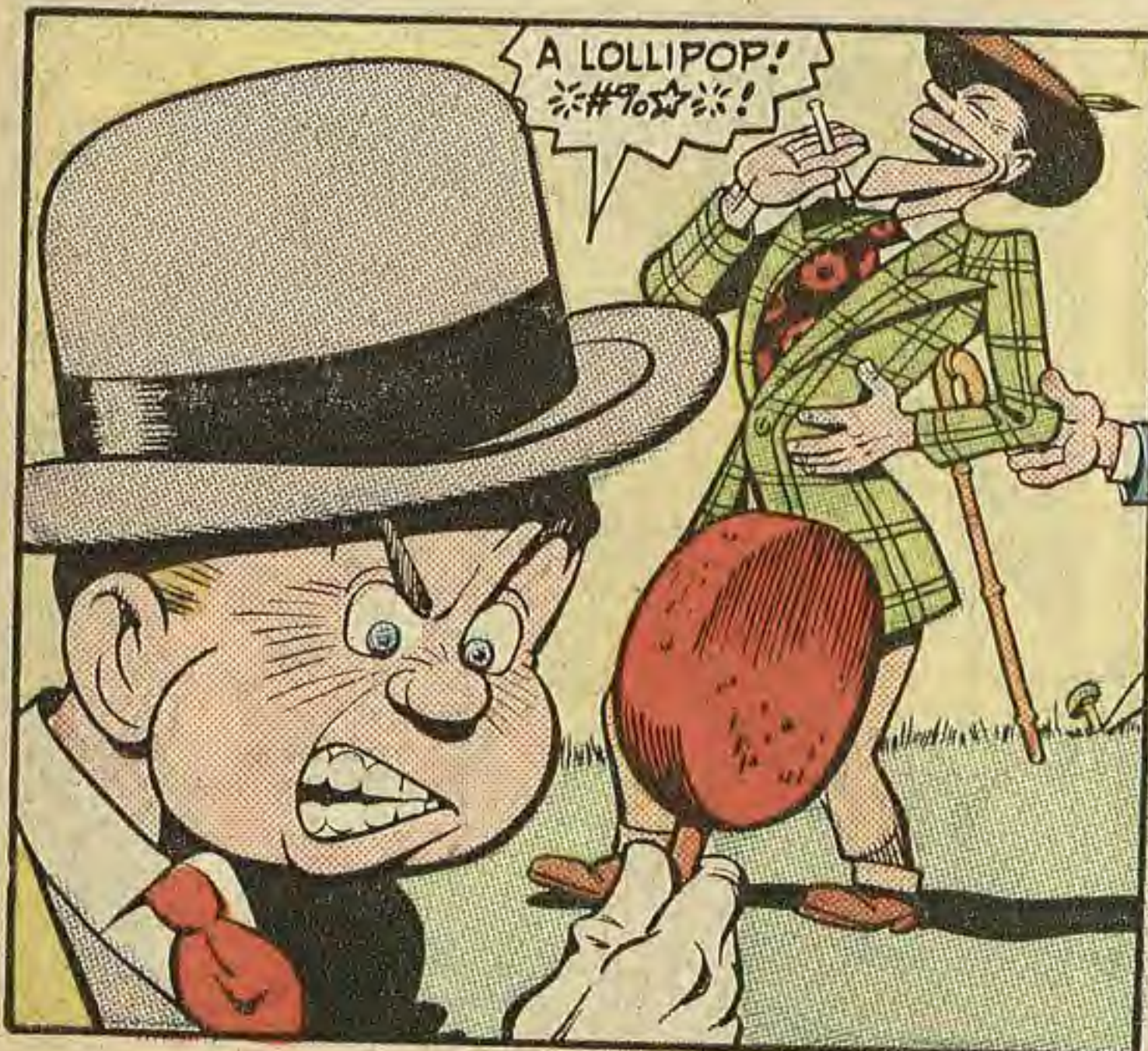
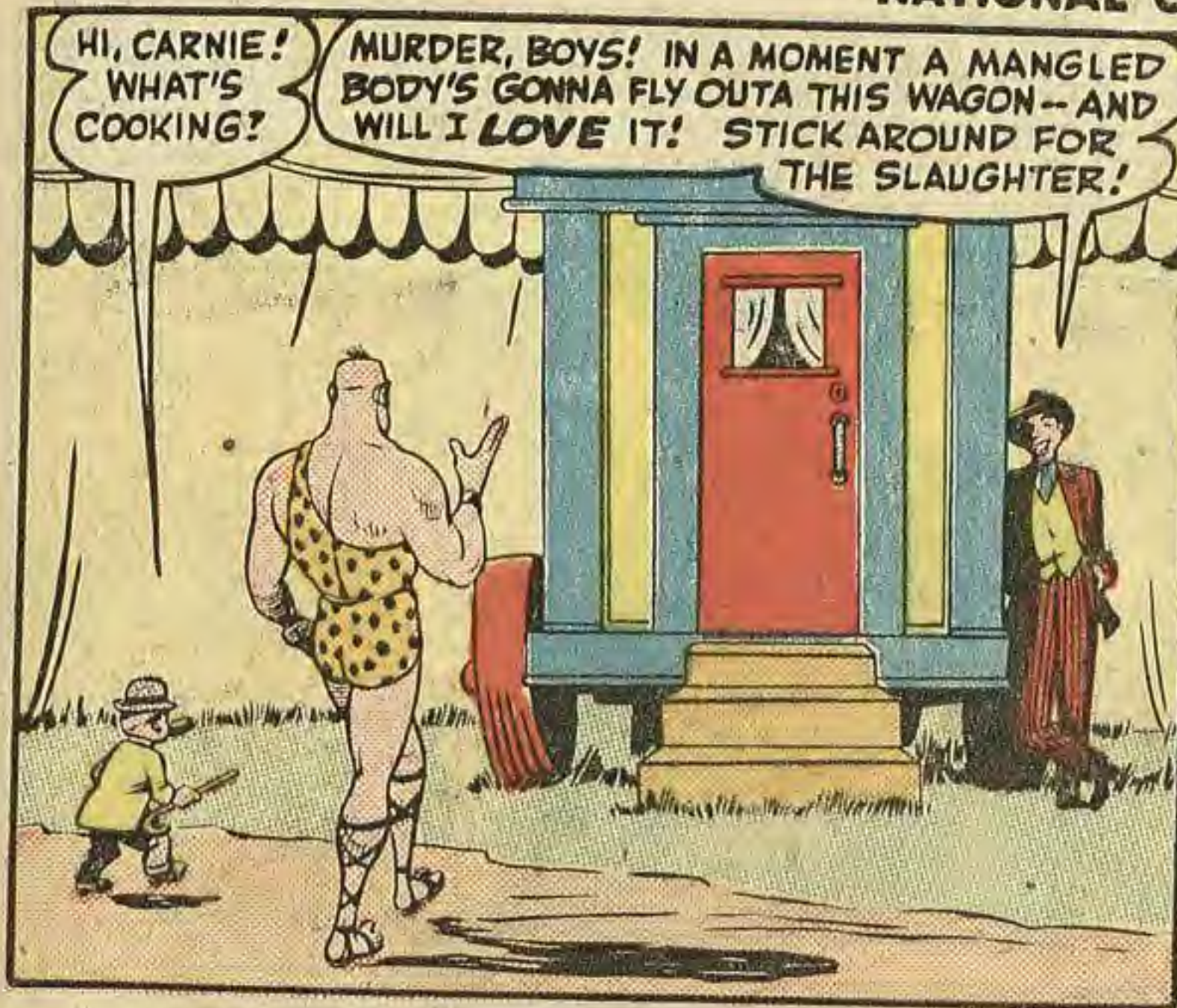
The BARKER

There's bedlam in
*Colonel Lane's
Mammoth Circus,*
as *Carnie Calahan* and
his pals oust a loud-
mouthed intruder whom
they call **GRIFTER!**

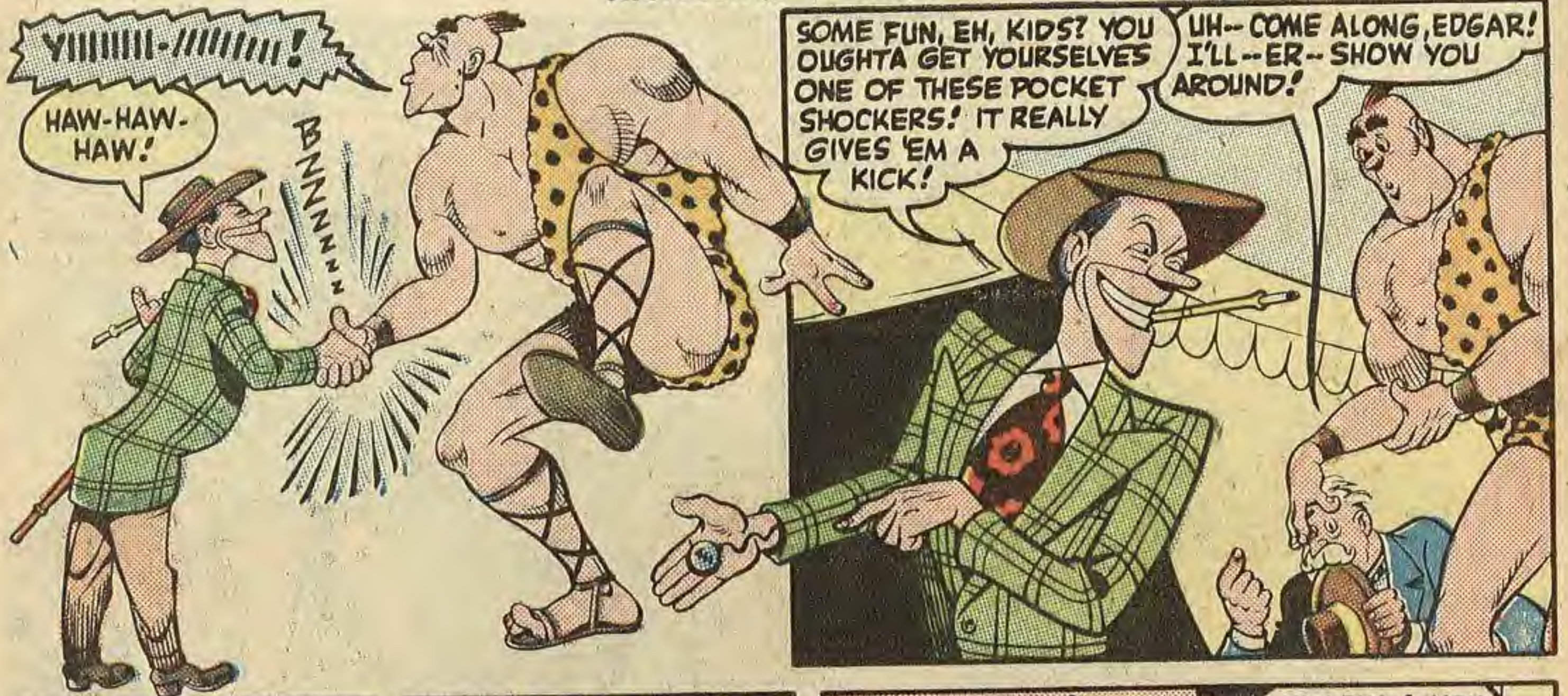


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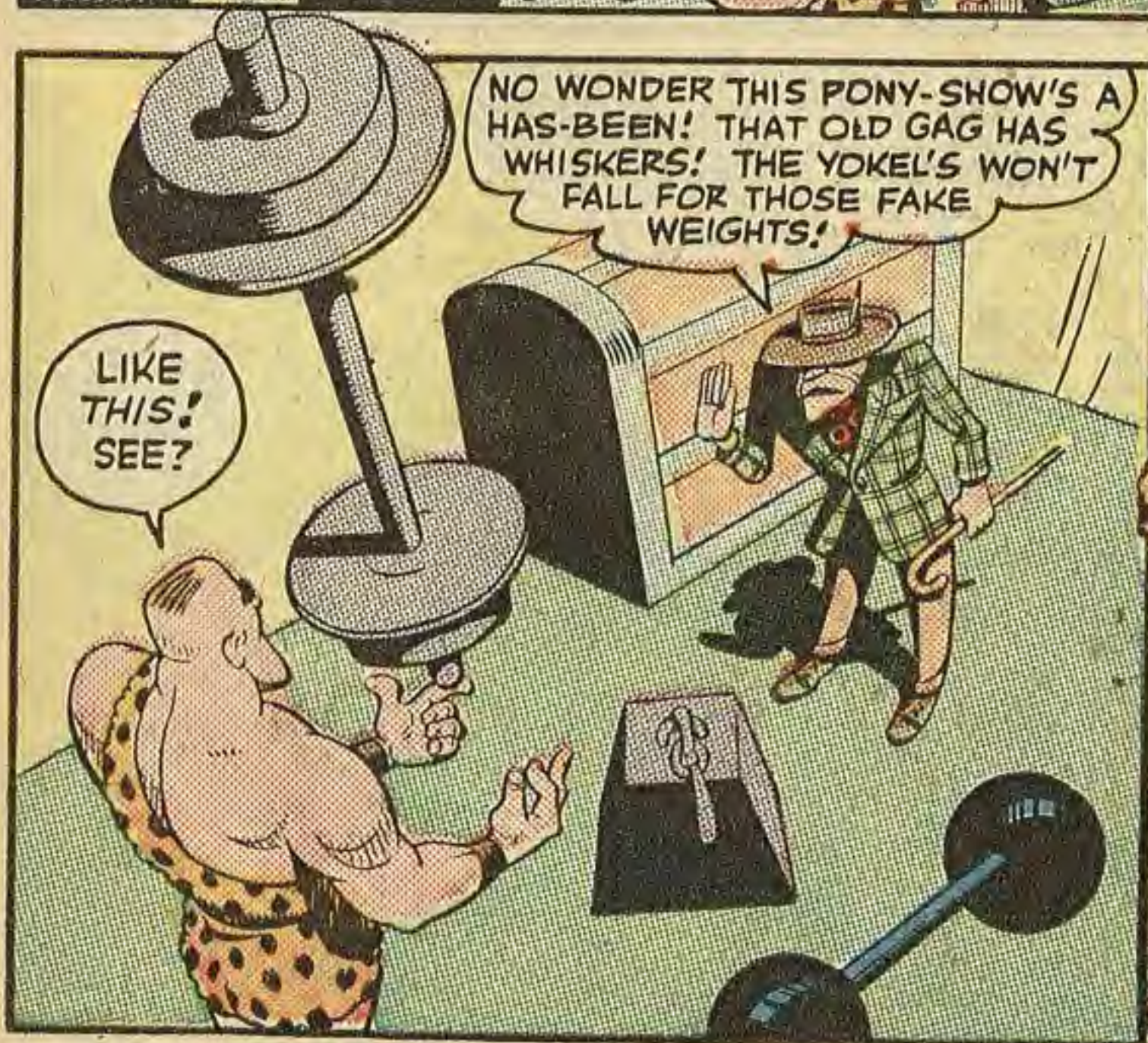


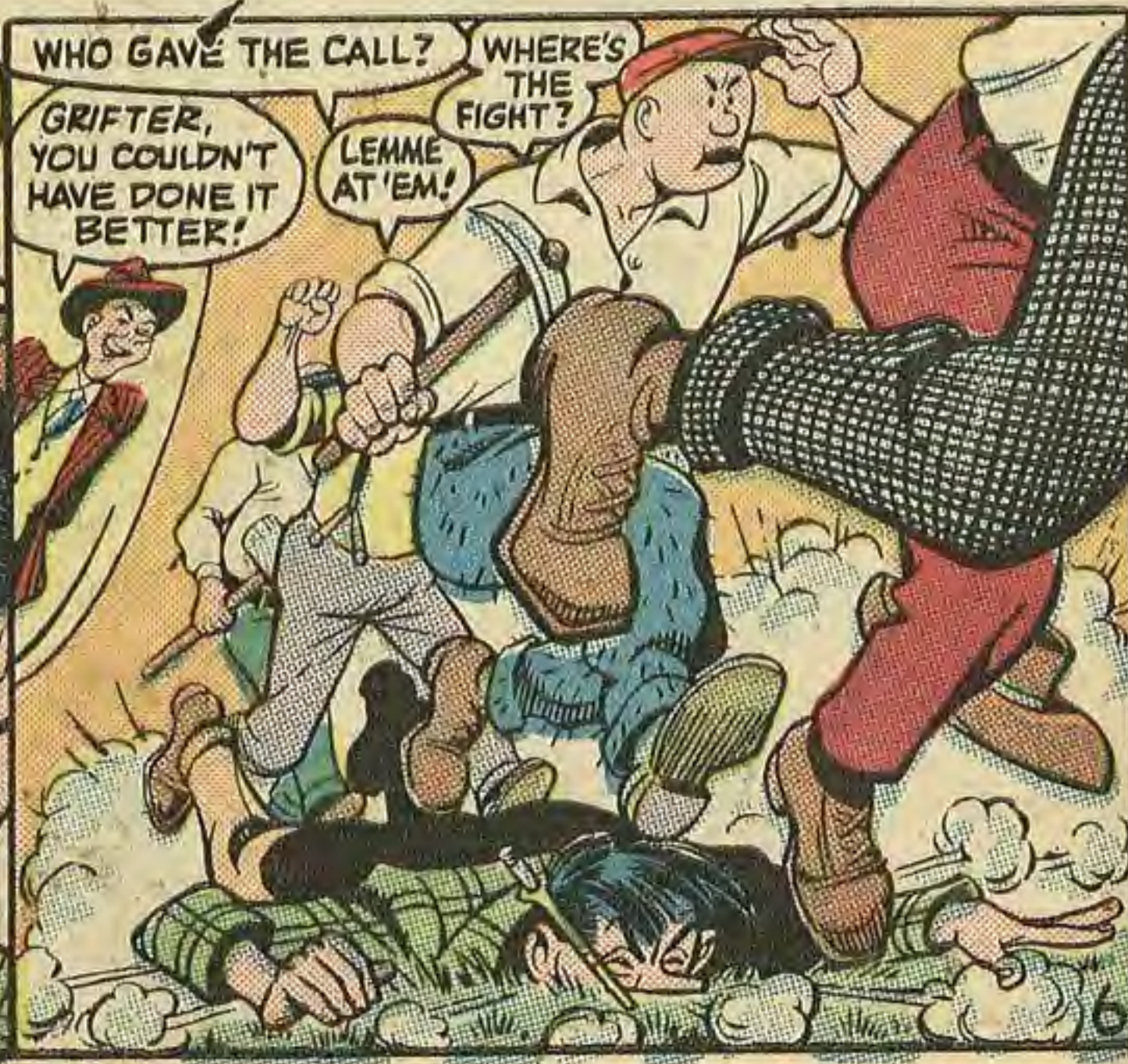
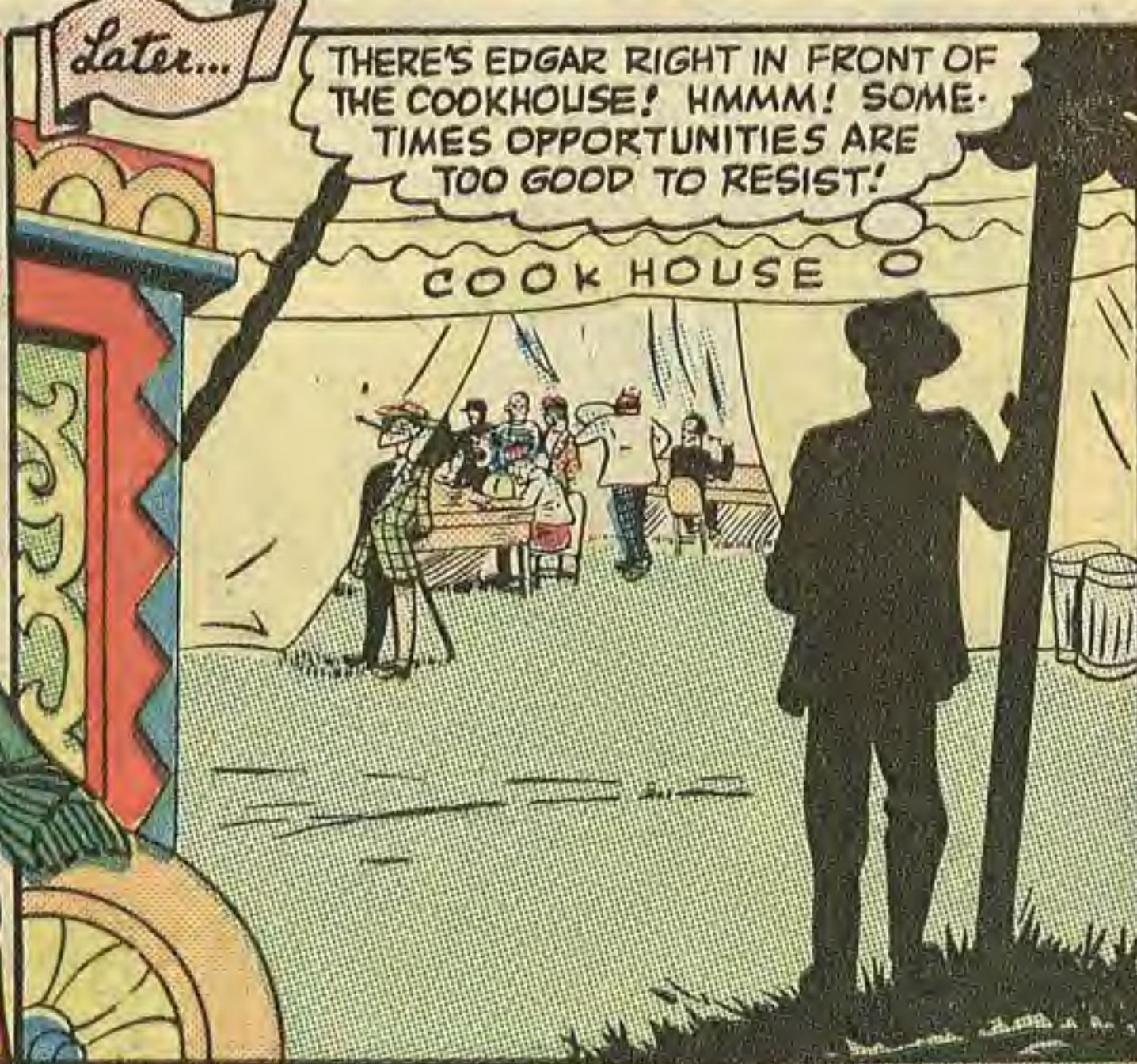


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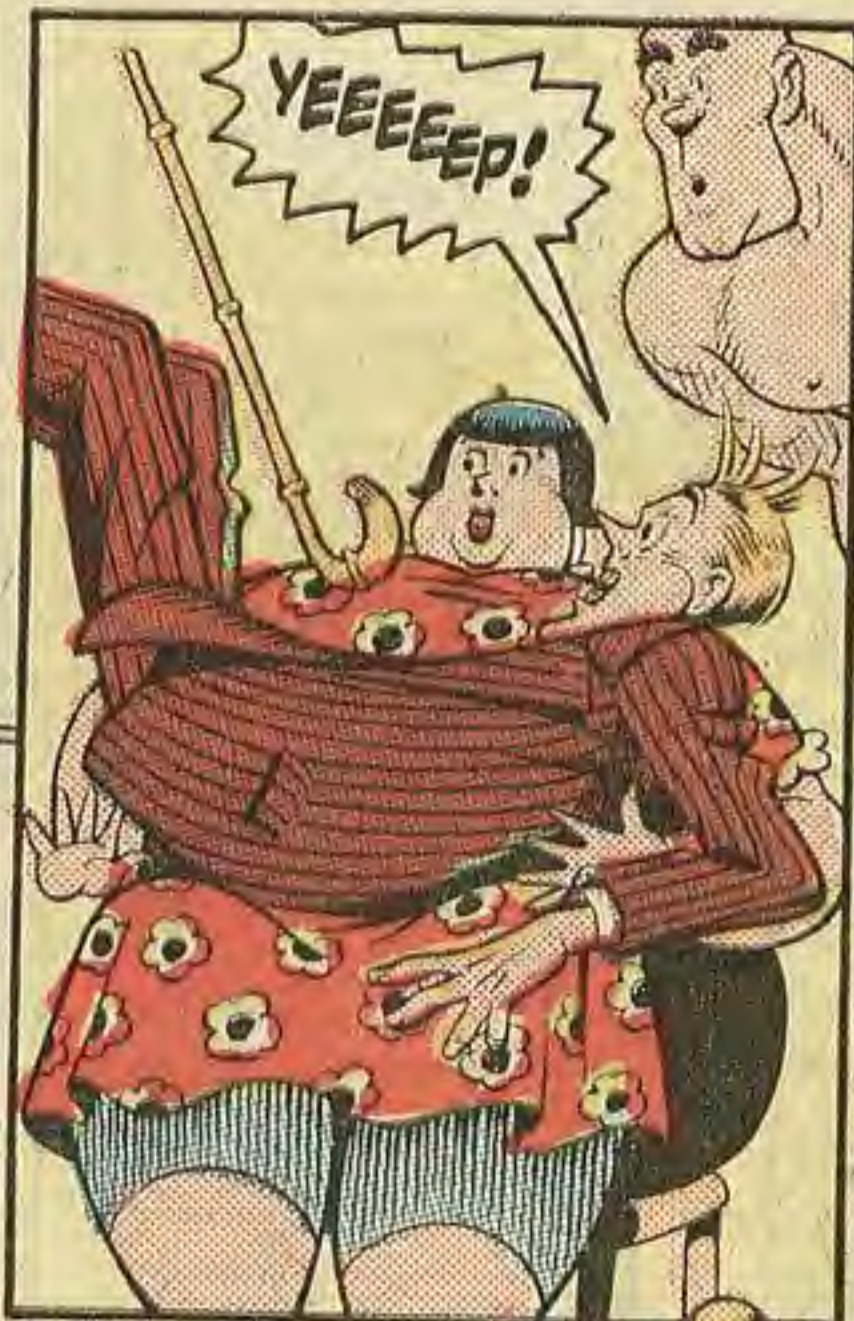
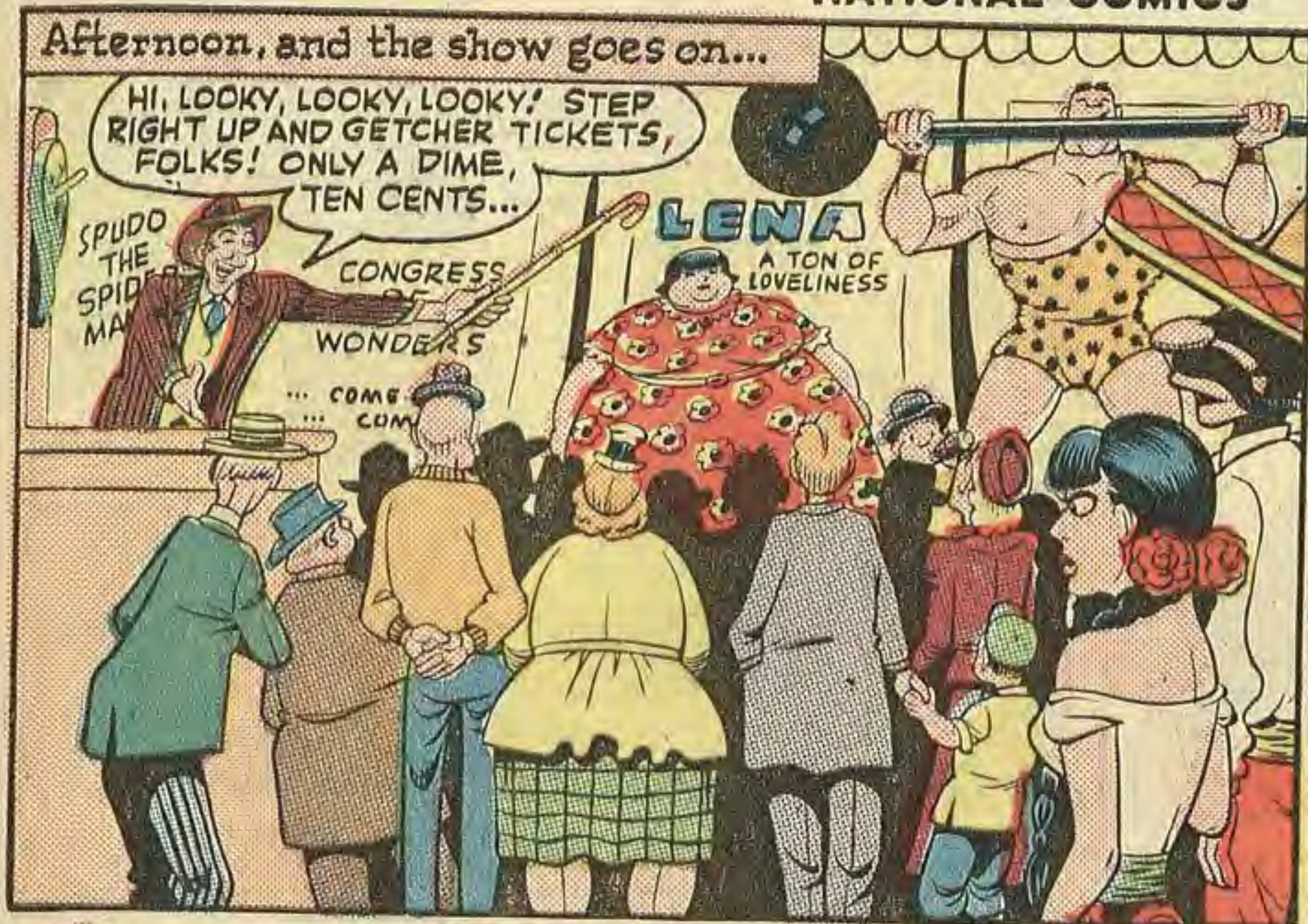


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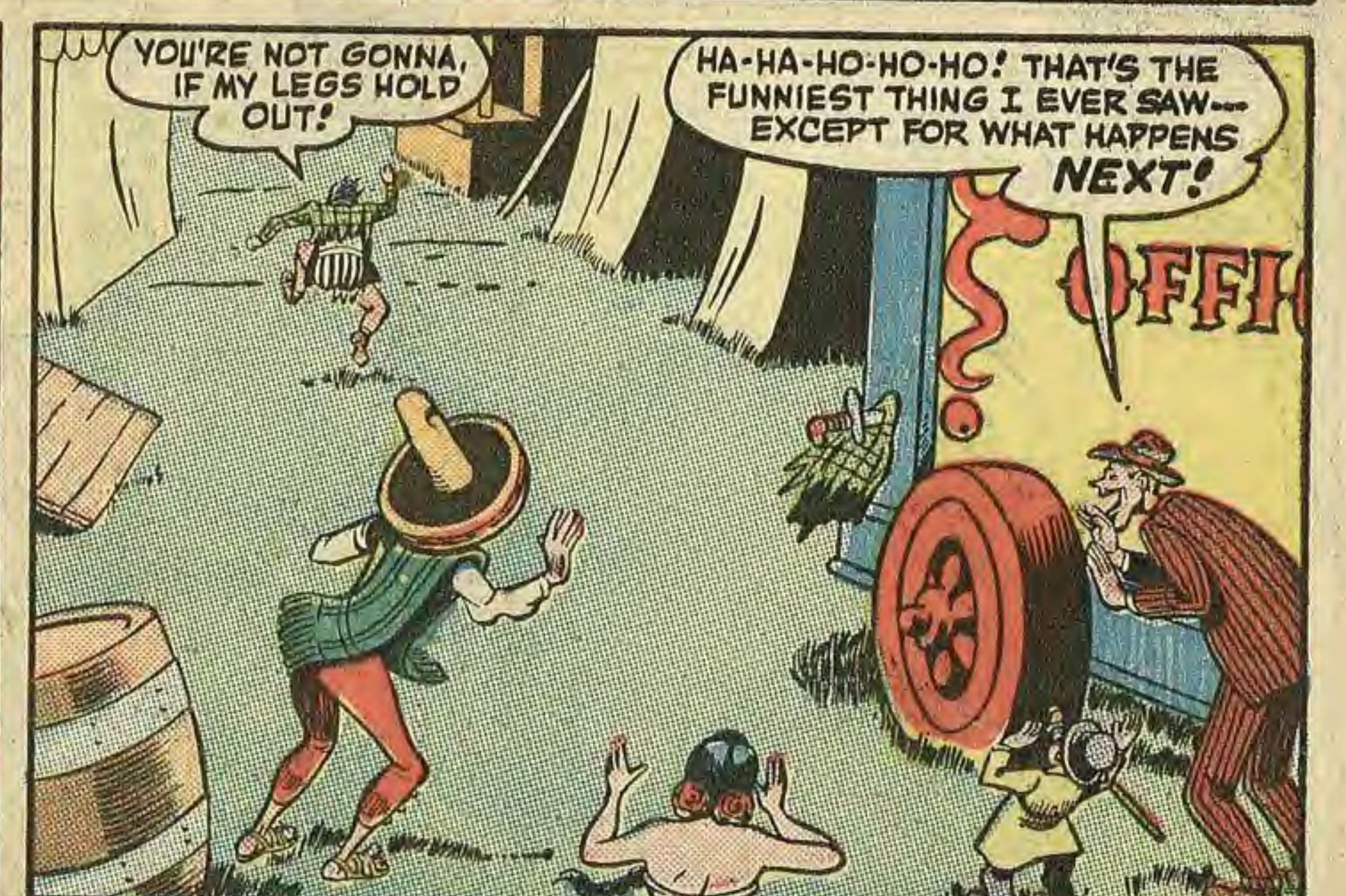
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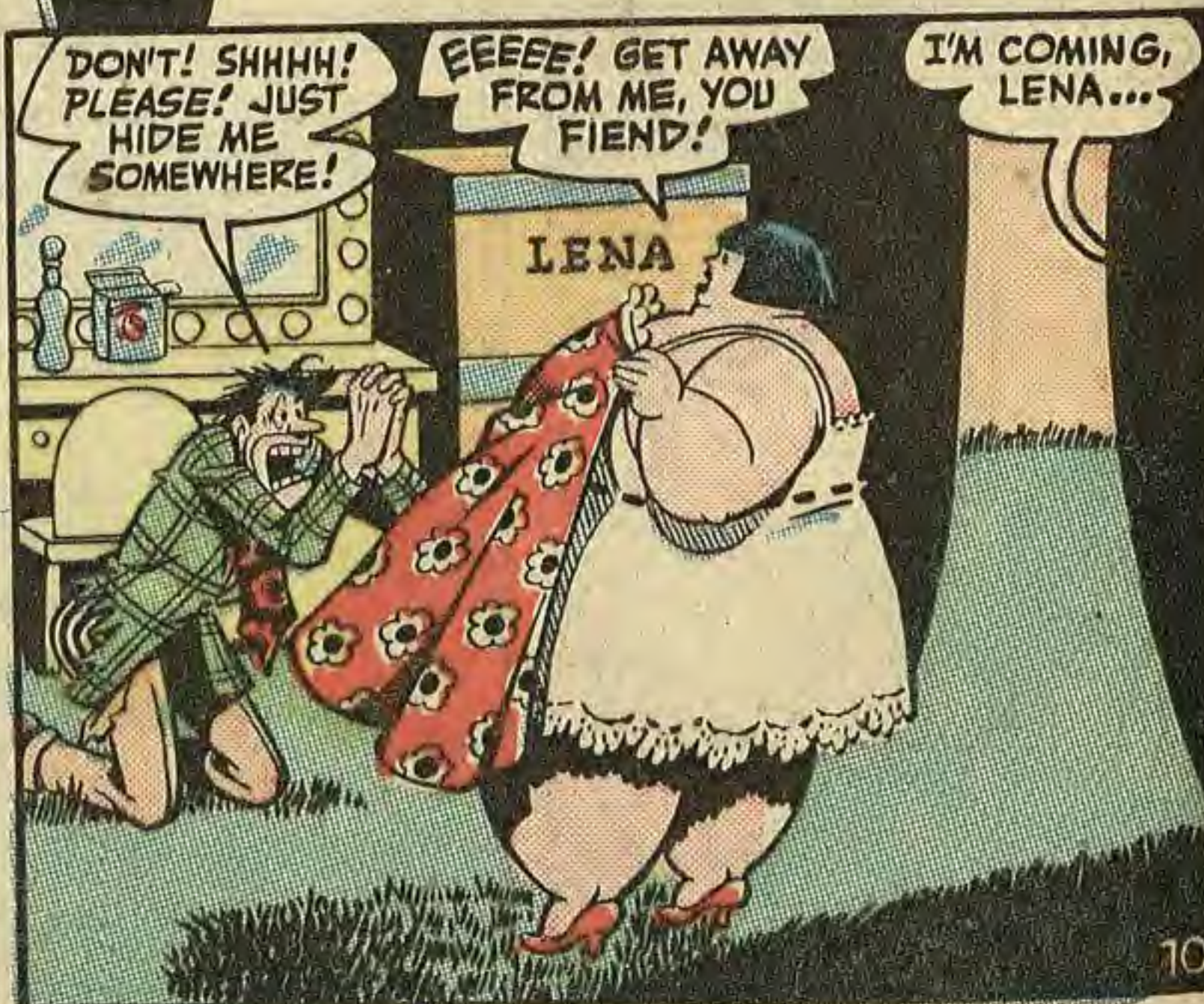
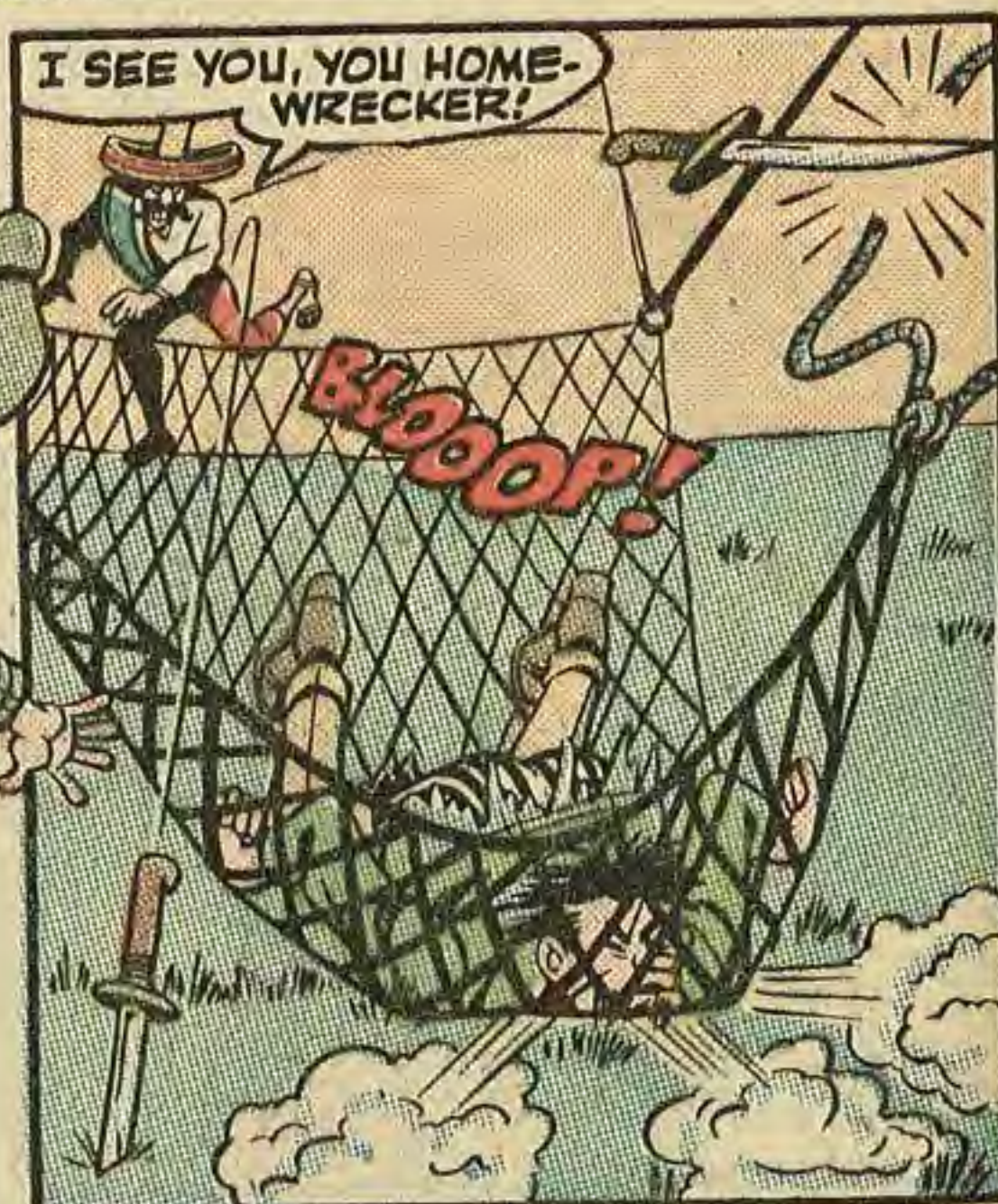
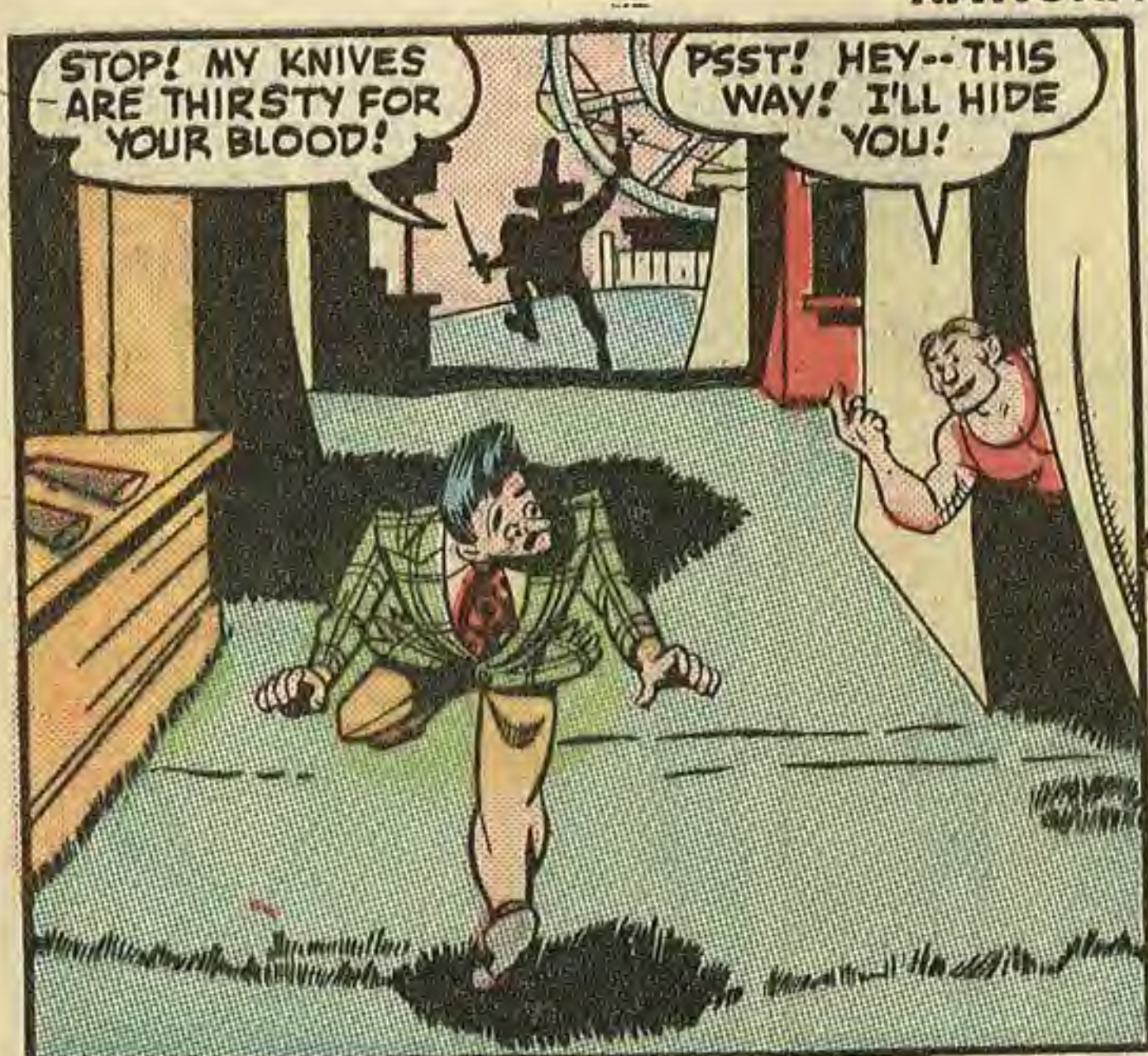


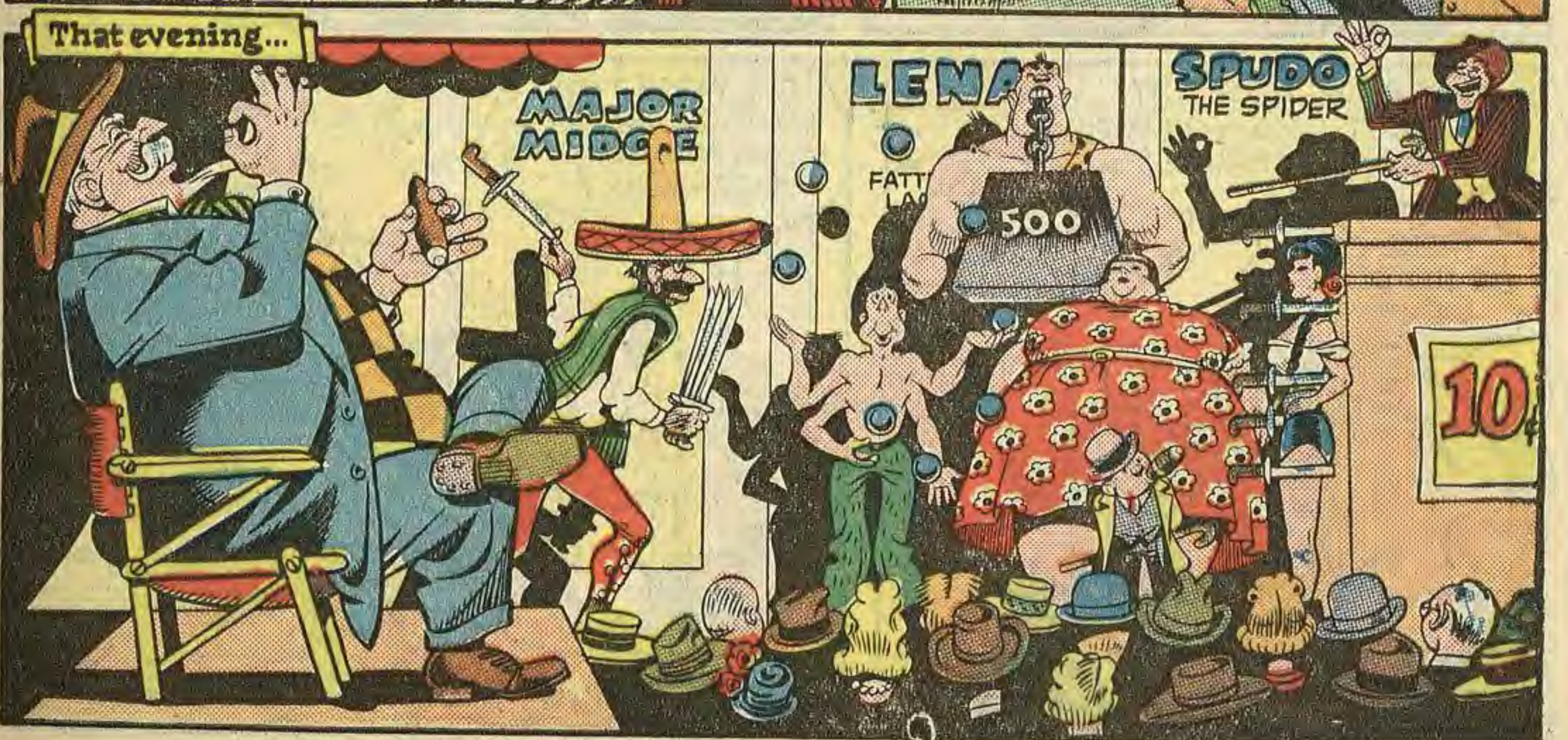
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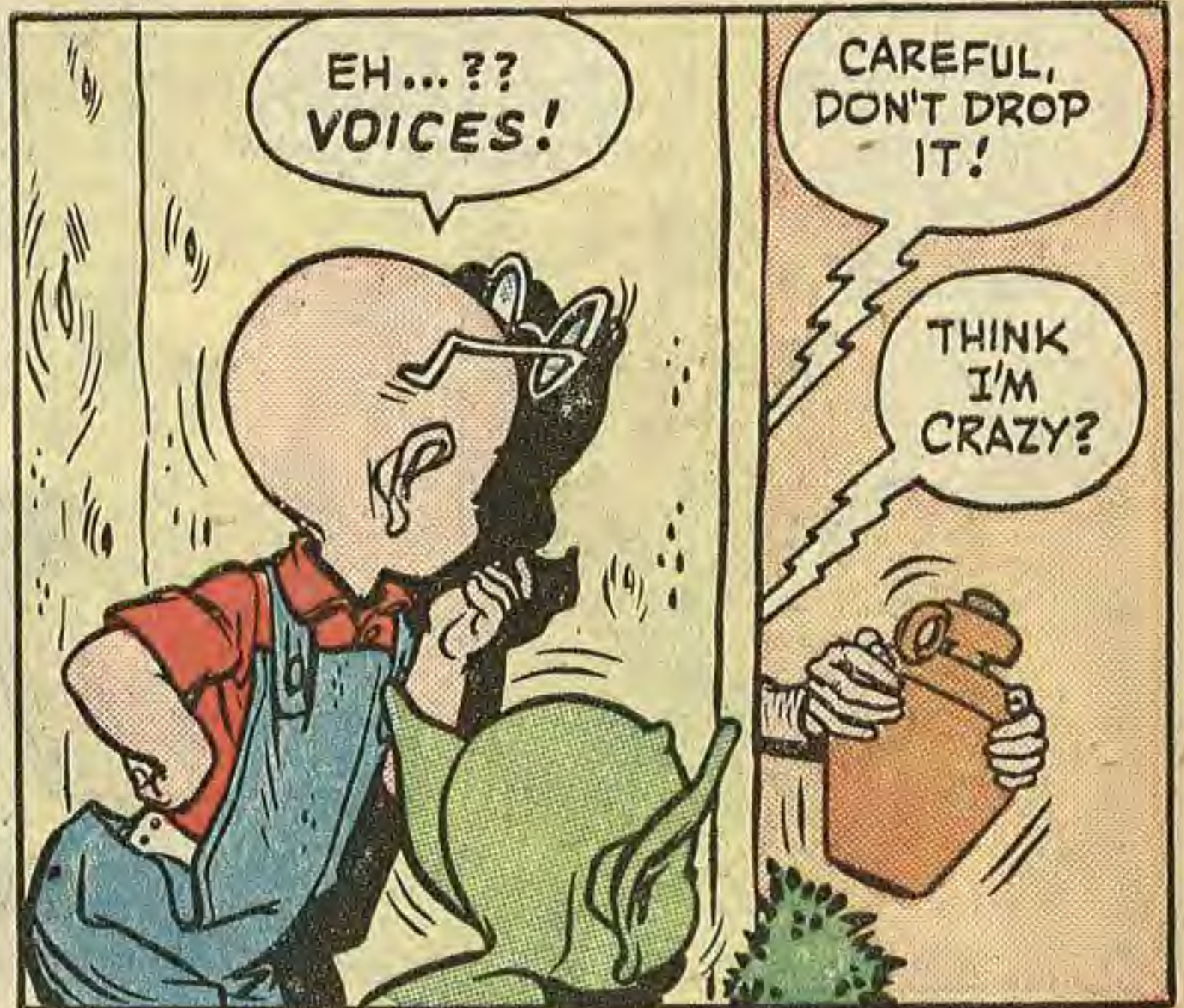
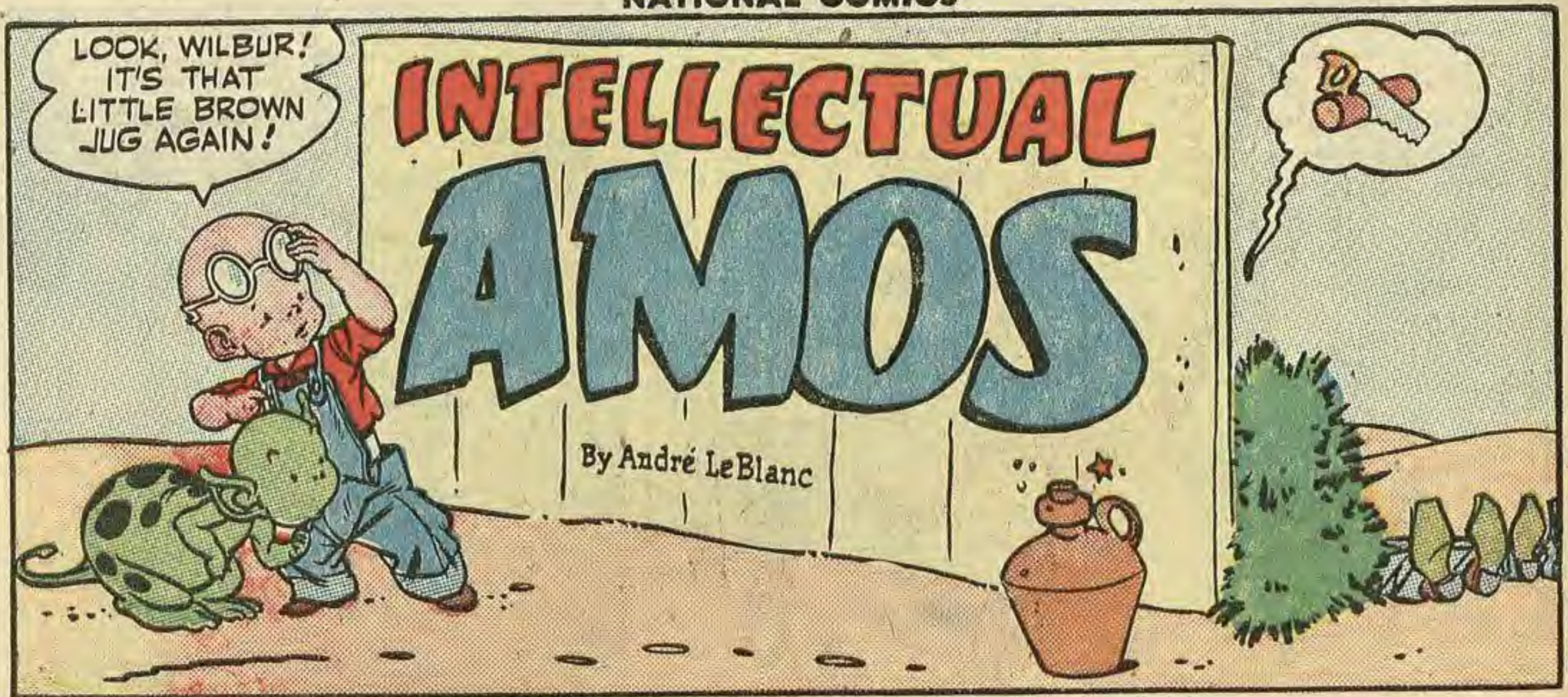


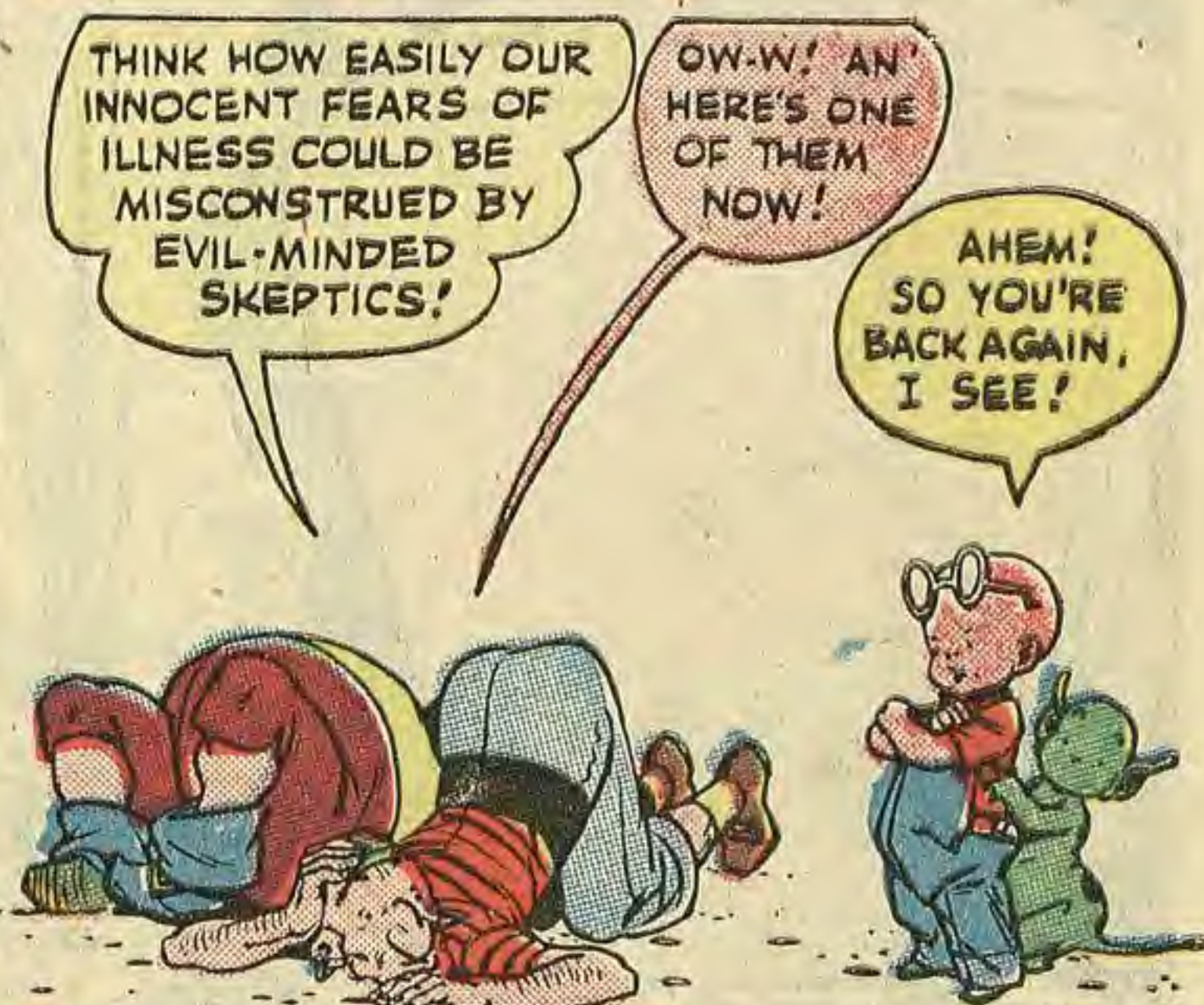
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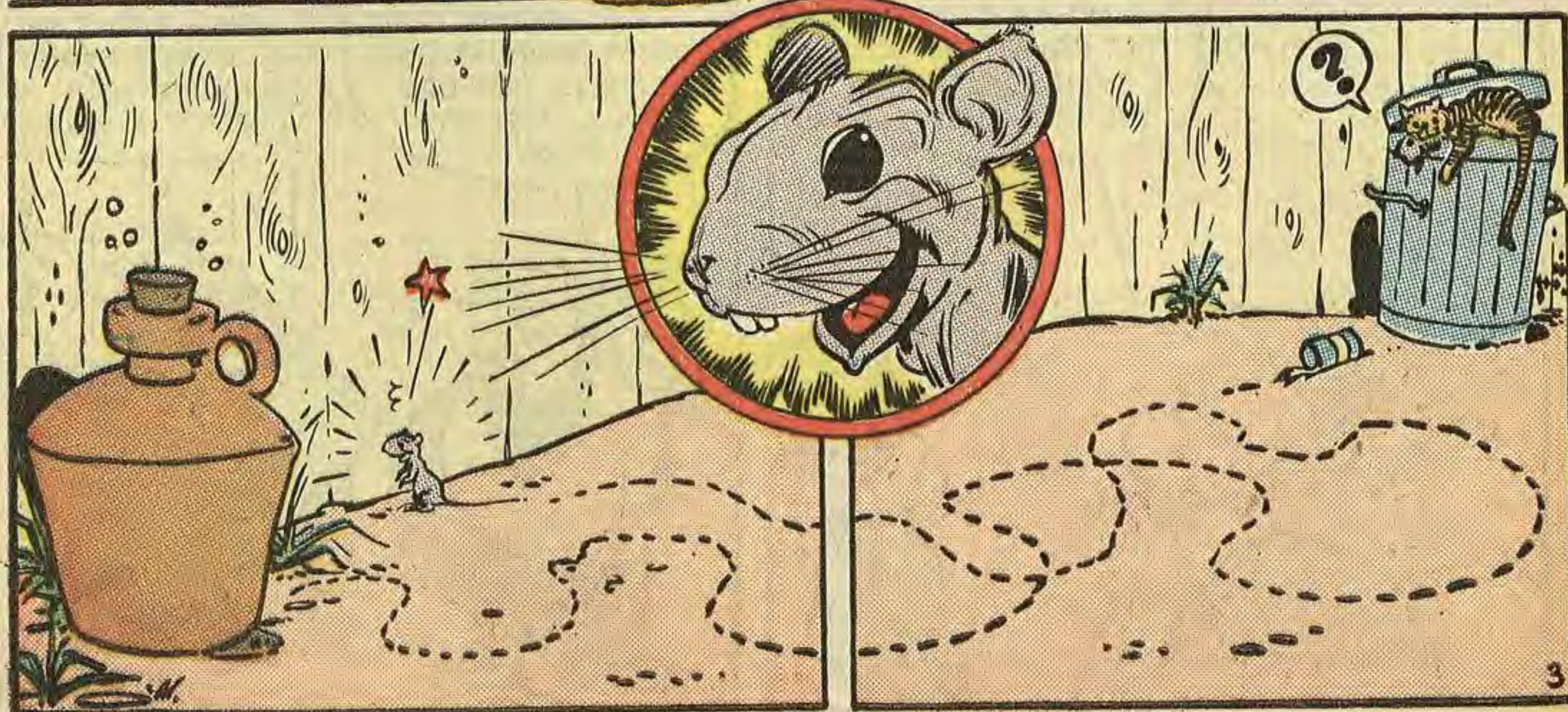
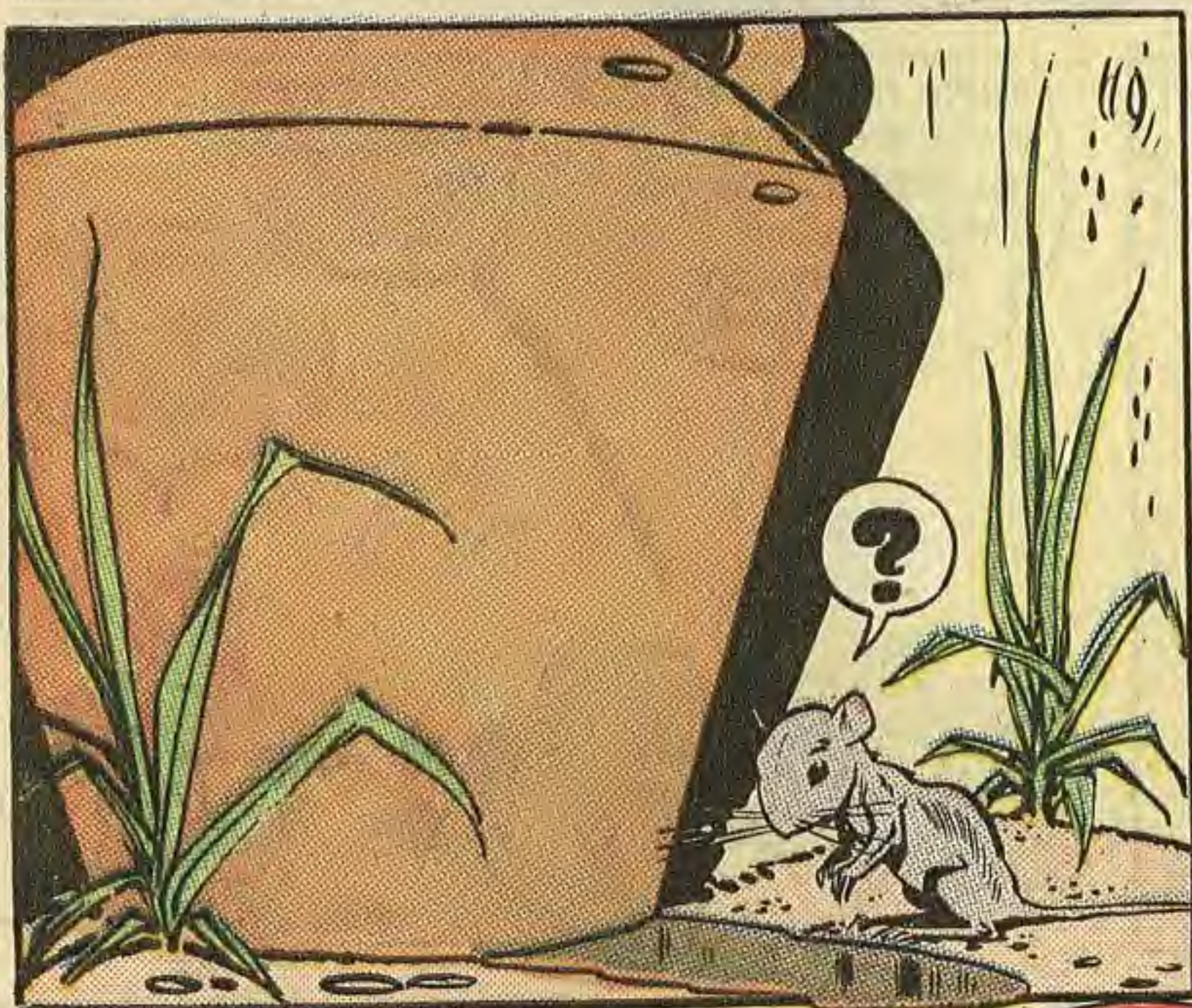
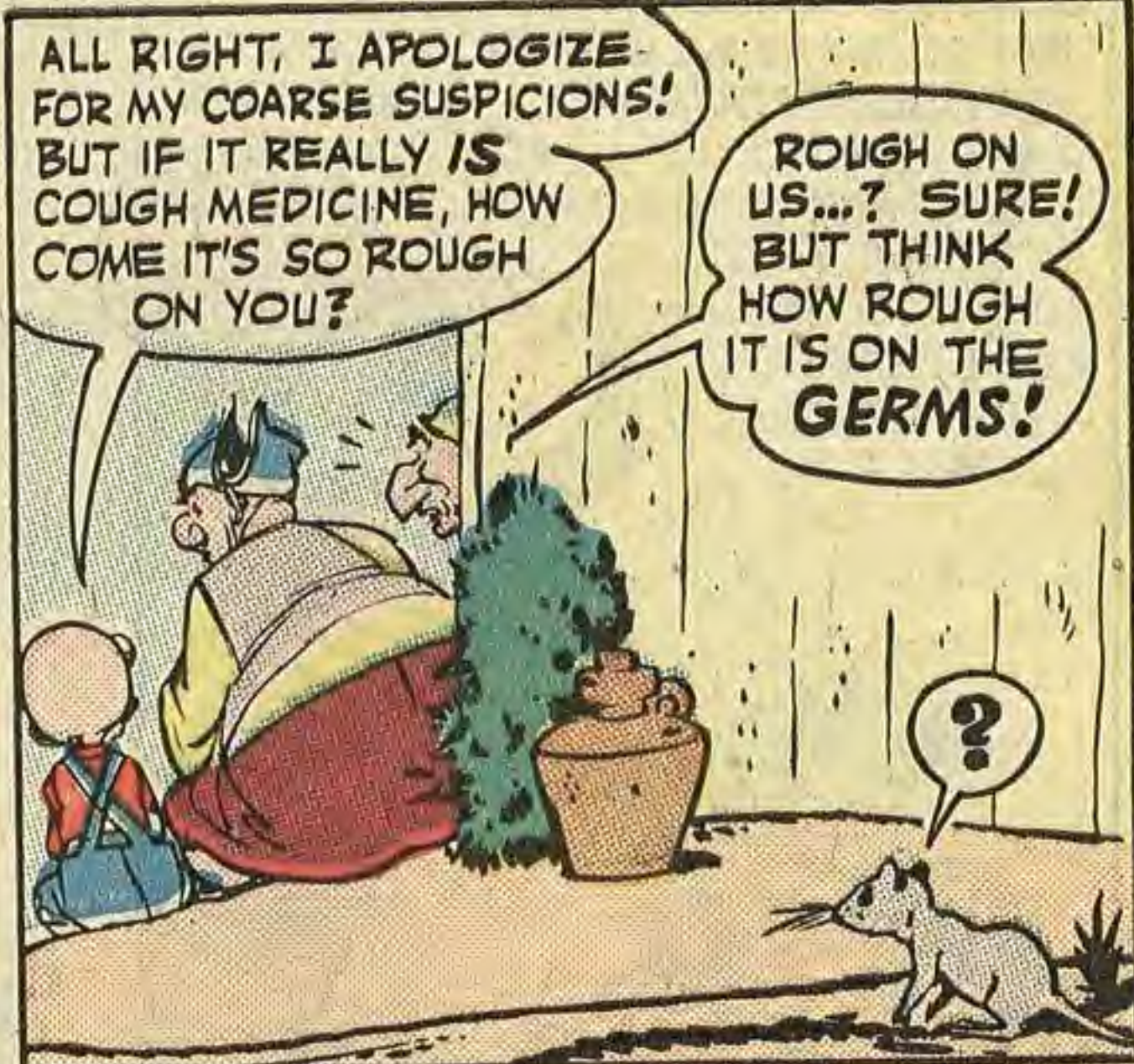


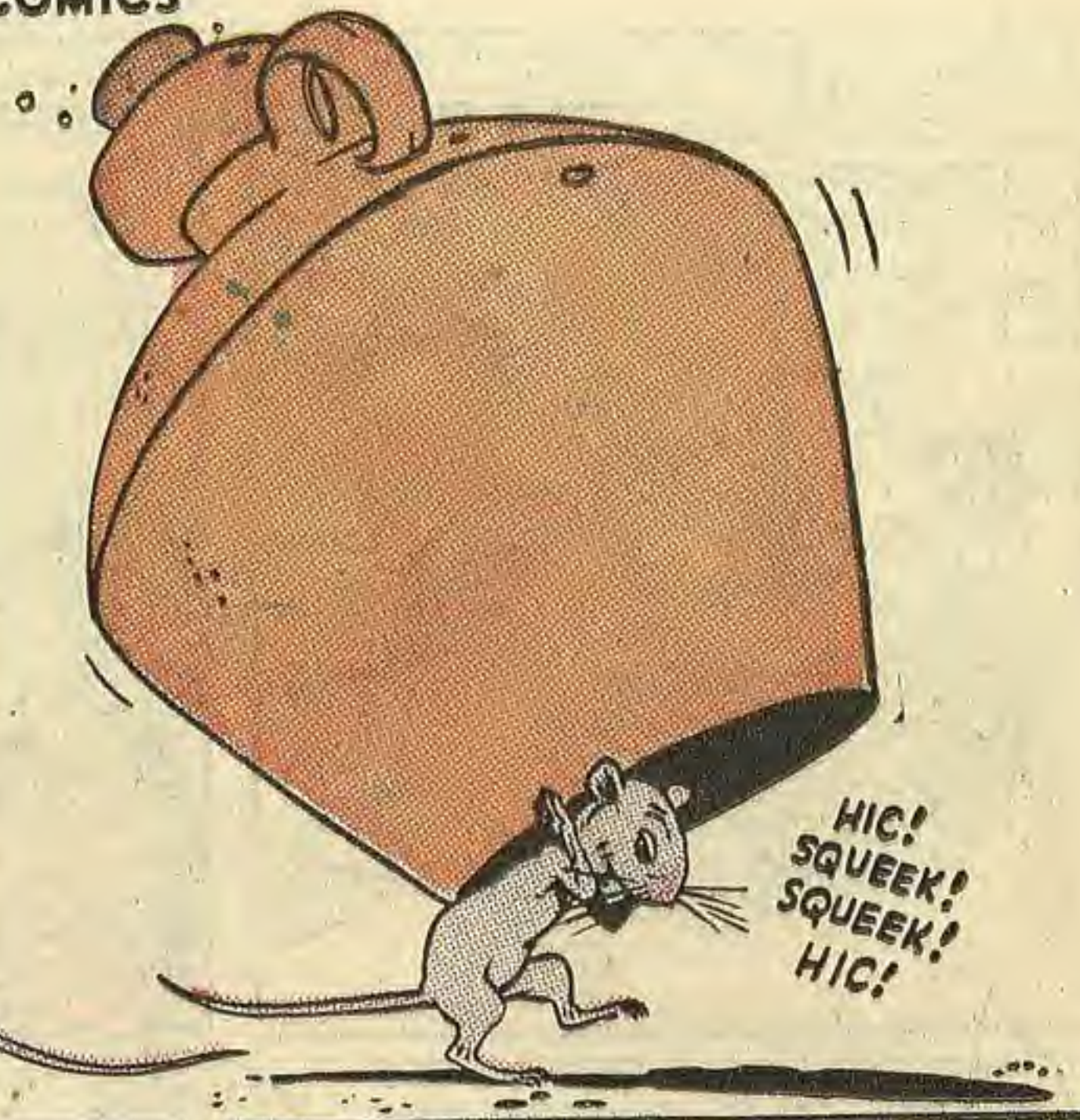
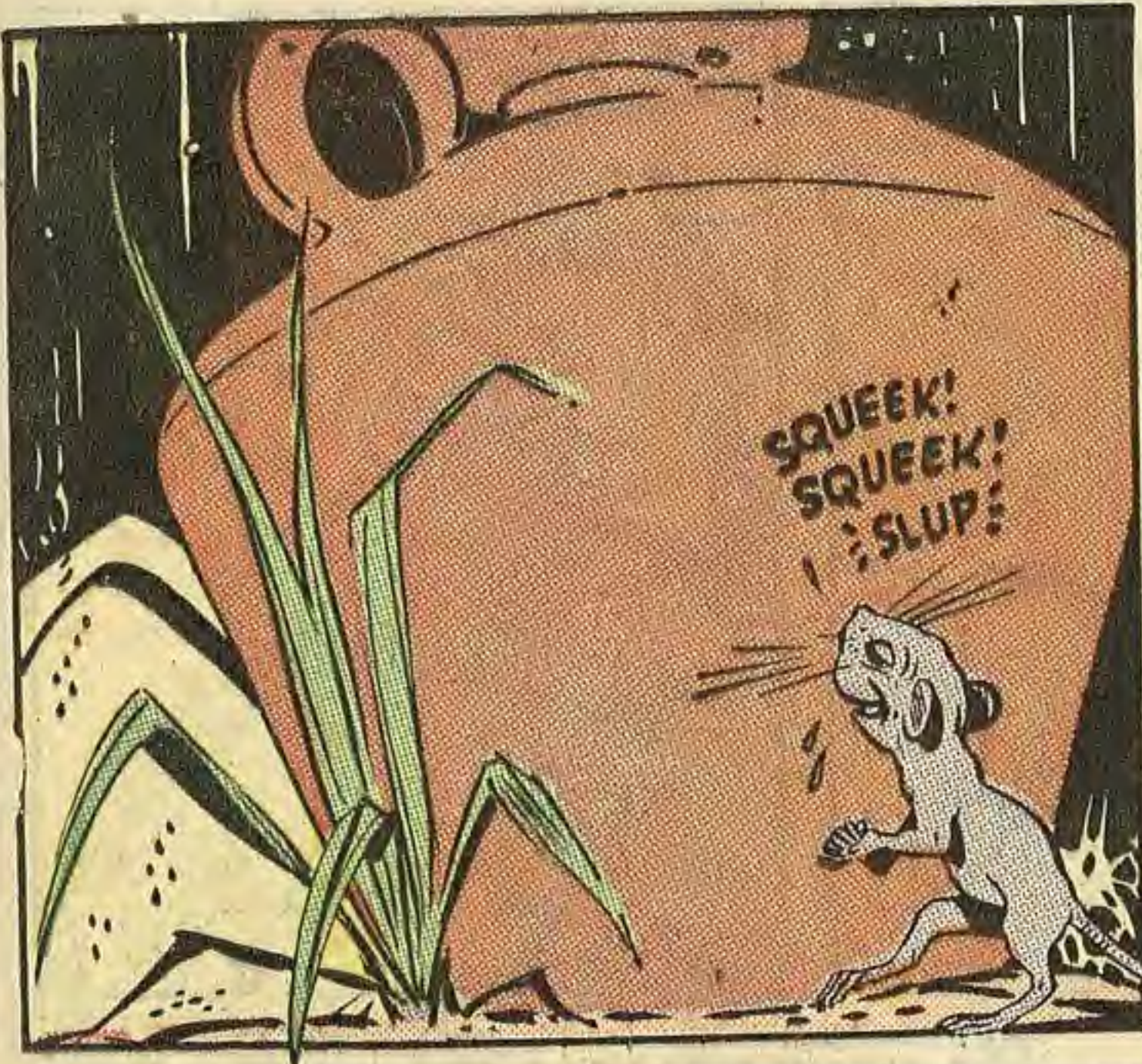


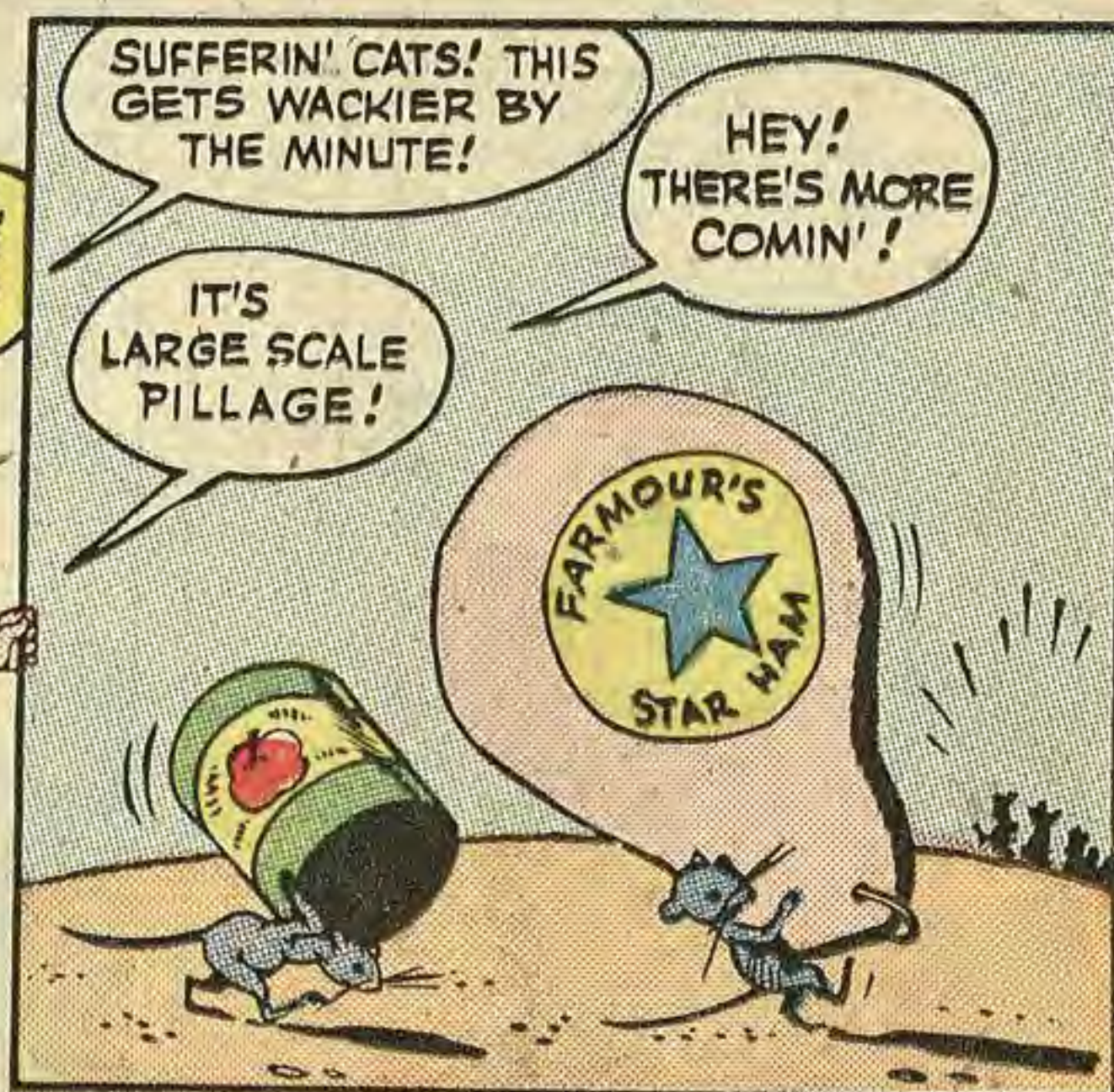
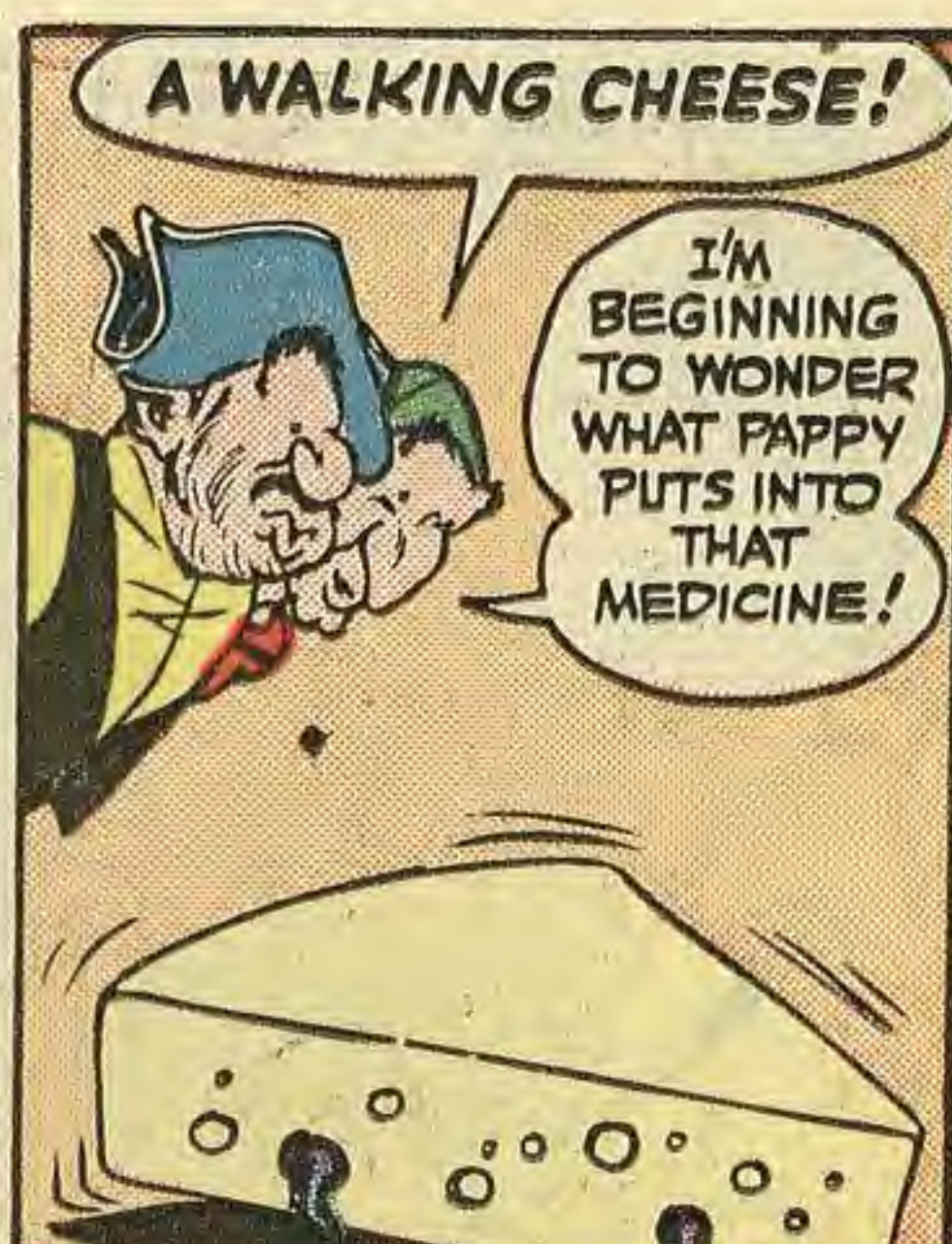


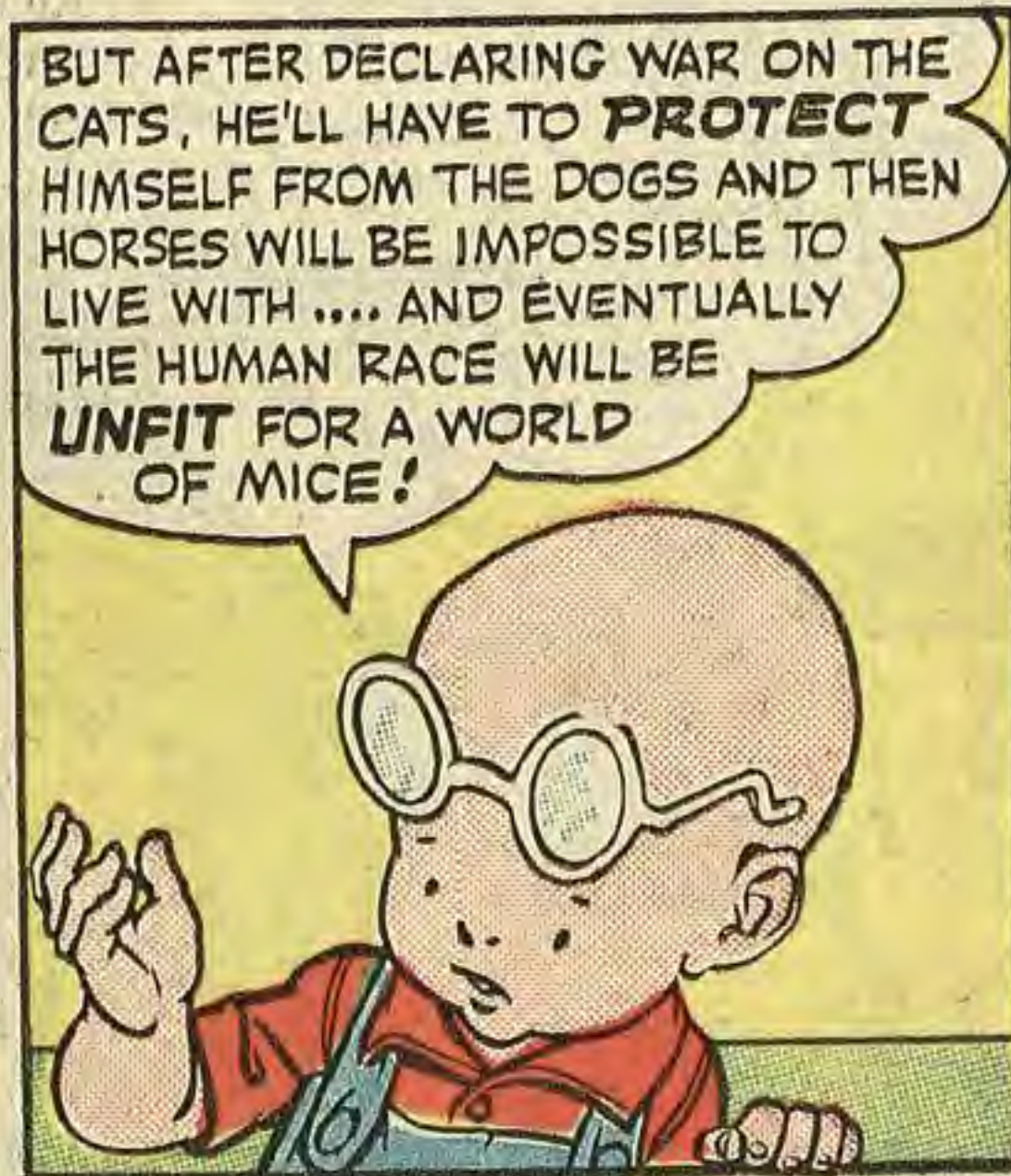
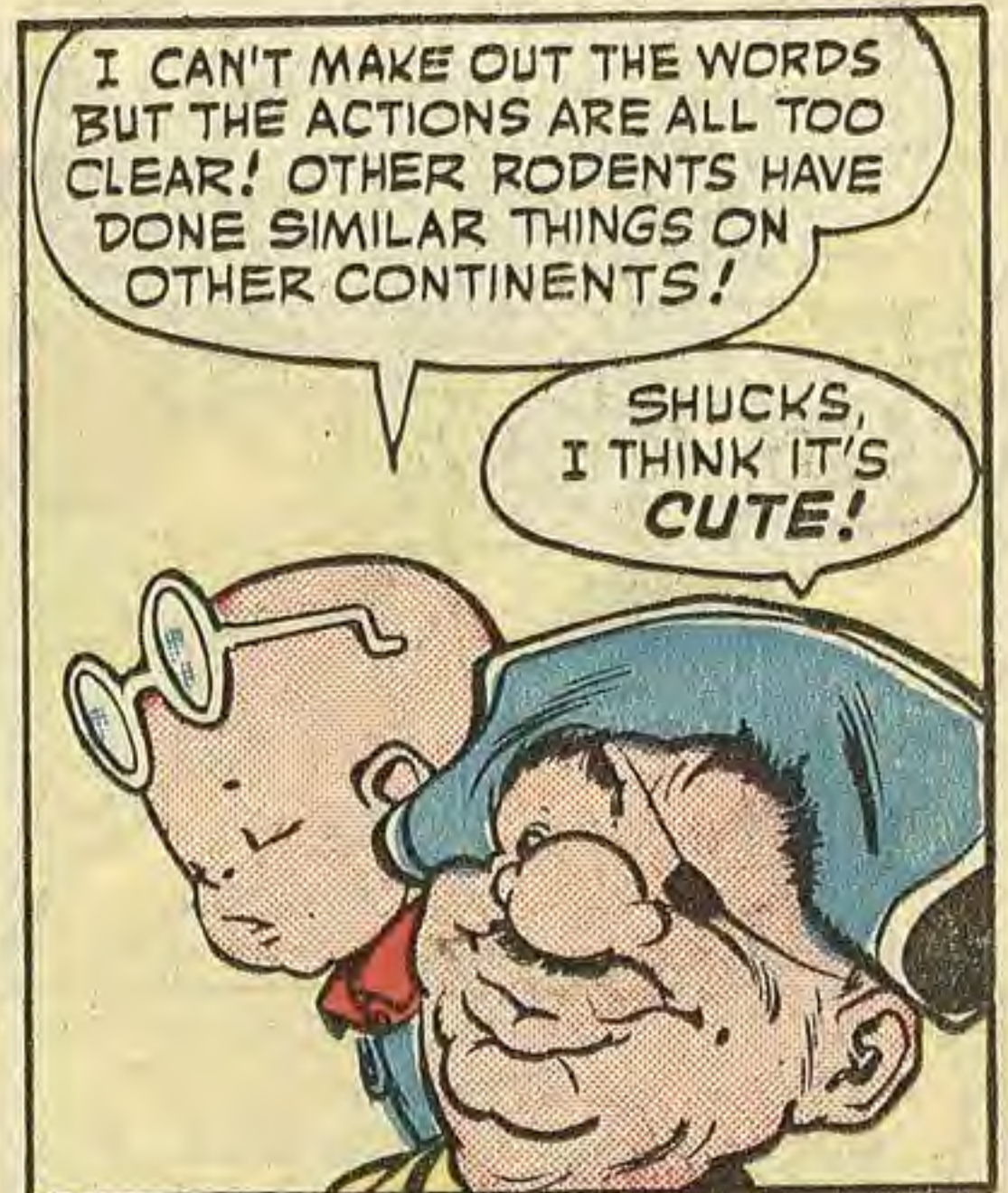




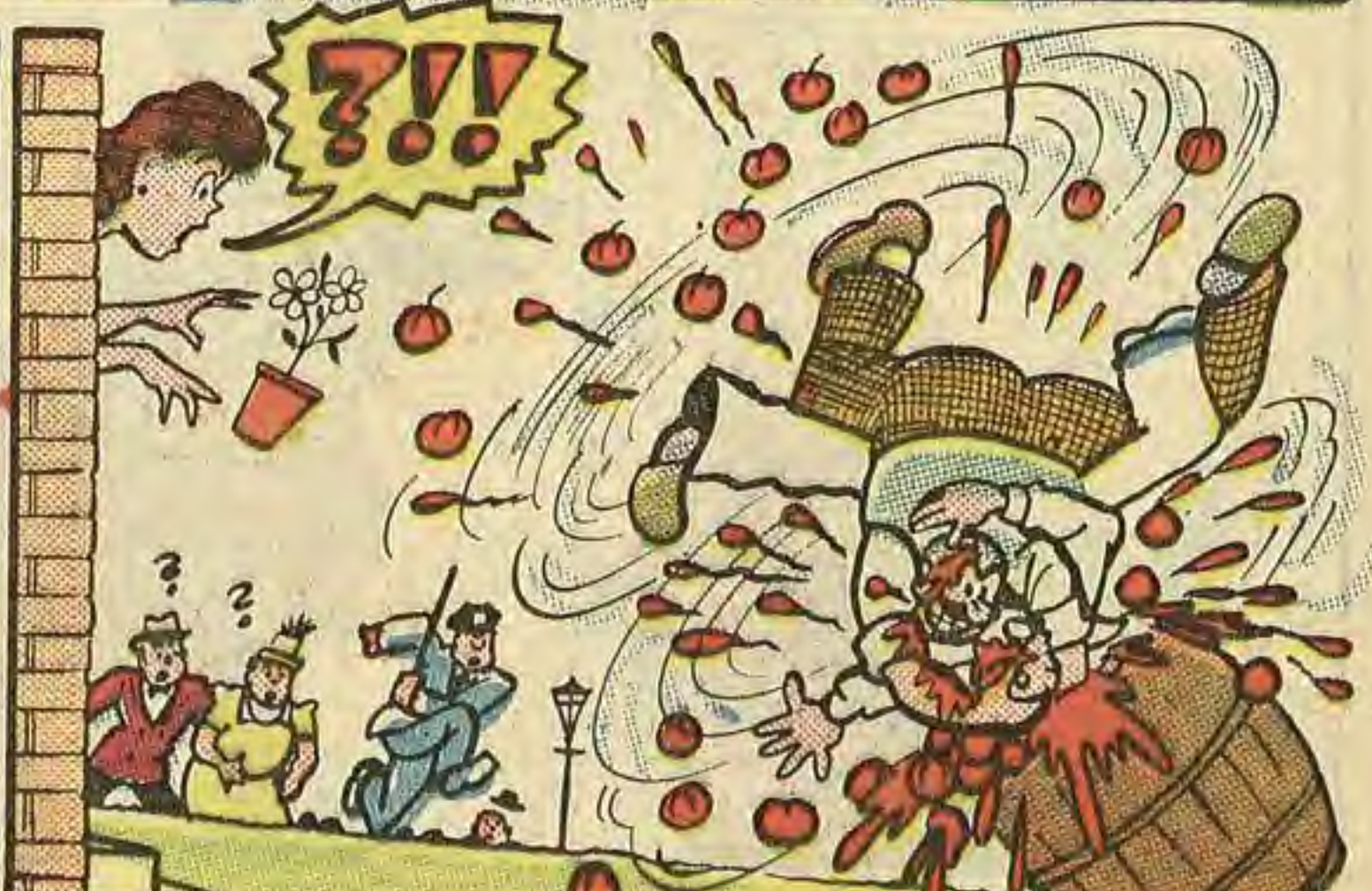
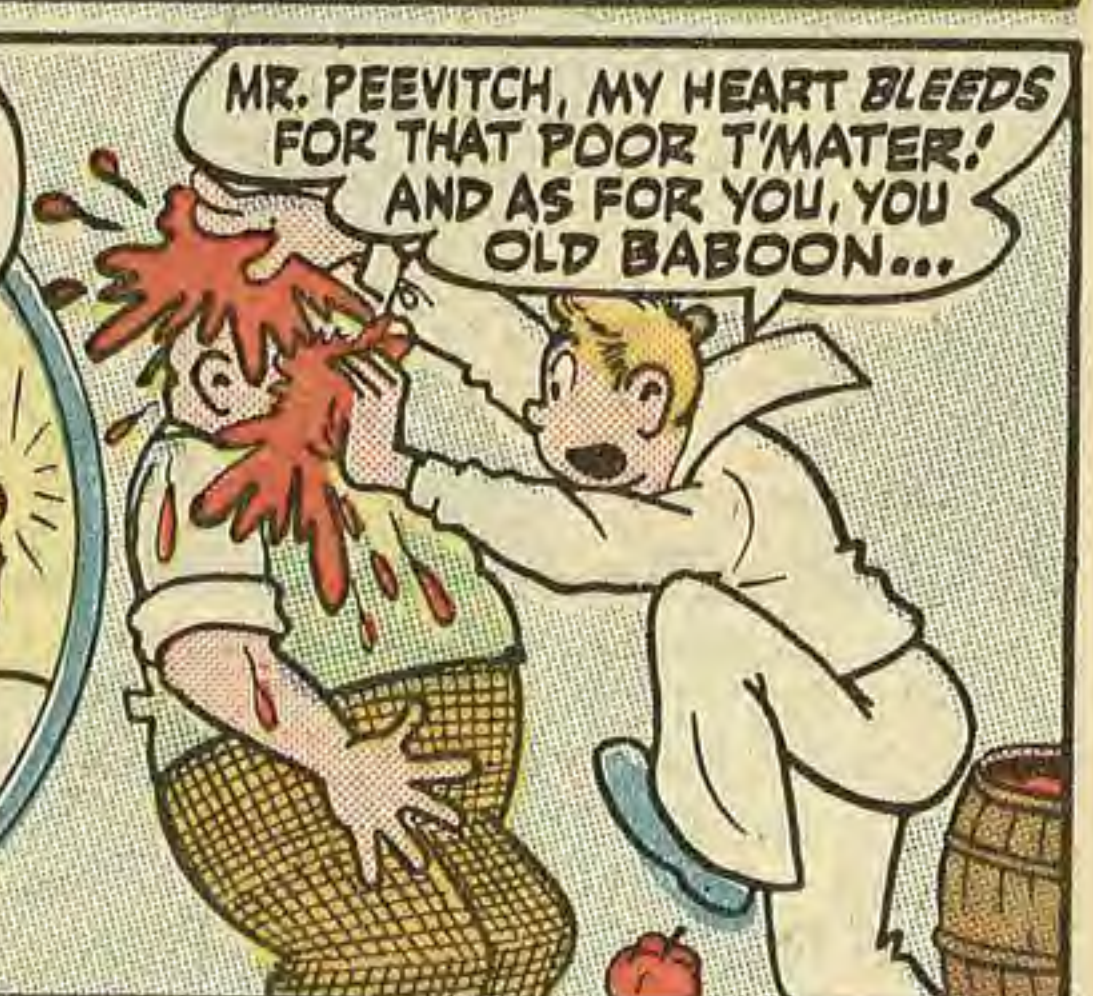








Salty Waters



Sally O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

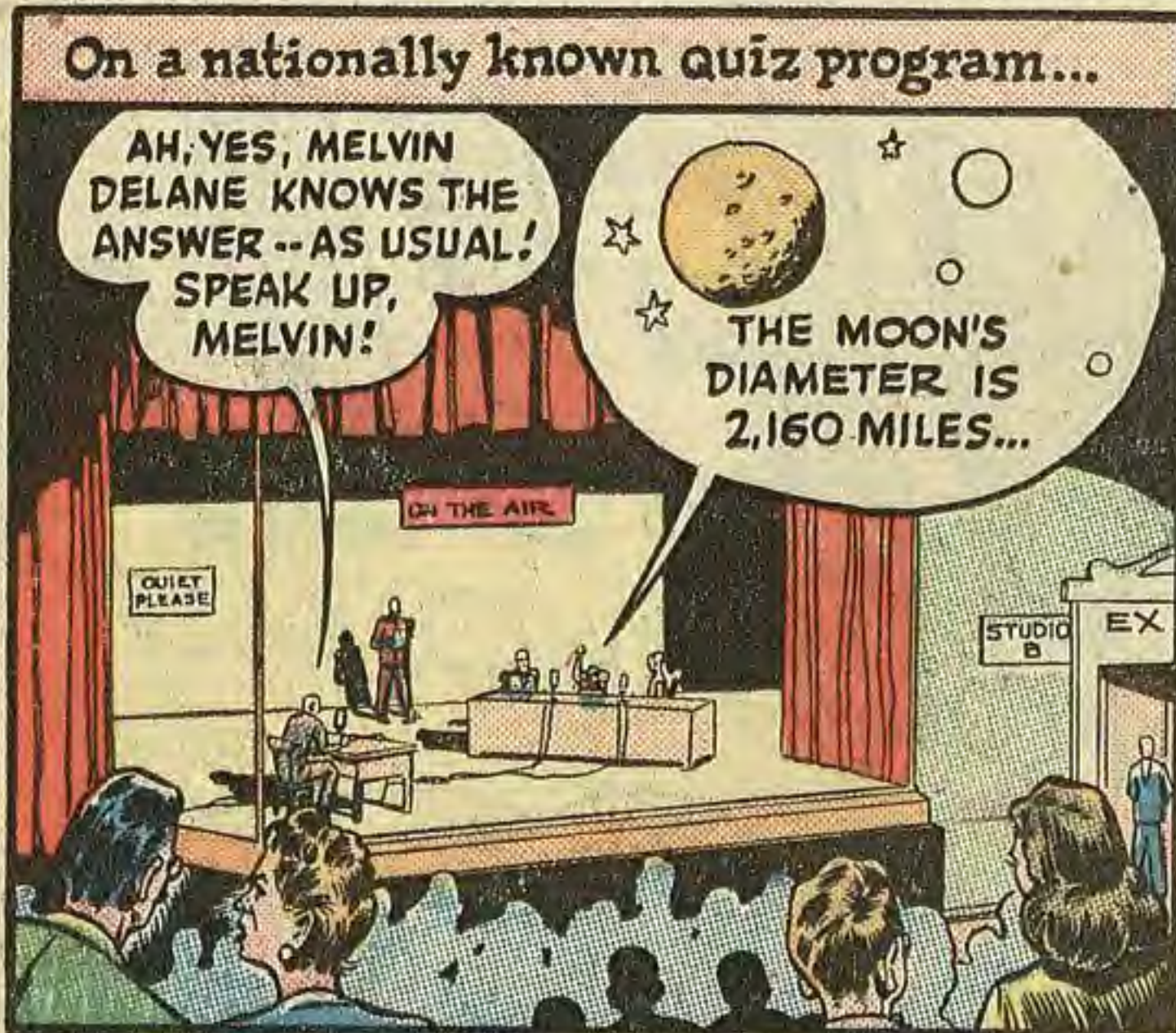
In her job as police-woman, Sally O'Neil meets all kinds of people ... but never anyone quite so strange as young Melvin Delane, *The Boy Who Knew All The Answers!*

A MEMBER OF THE SPECIES HOMO SAPIENS AND THE SUB-FAMILY MAMMALIA ... WHICH INCLUDES ALL WARM-BLOODED QUADRUPEDS, SEALS AND CETACEANS!

RATHER COMMONLY KNOWN AS A FEMALE!

ON THE AIR

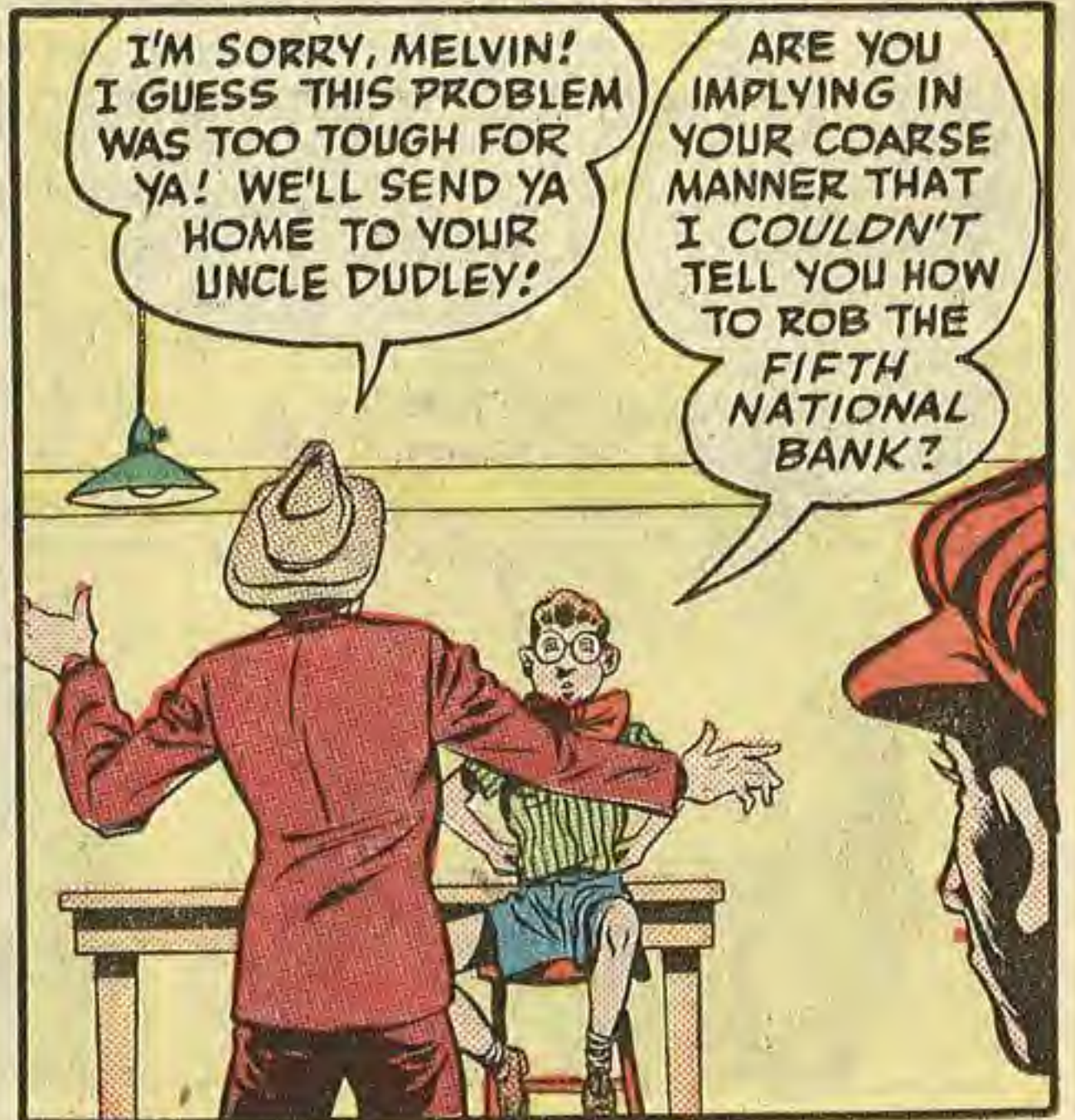
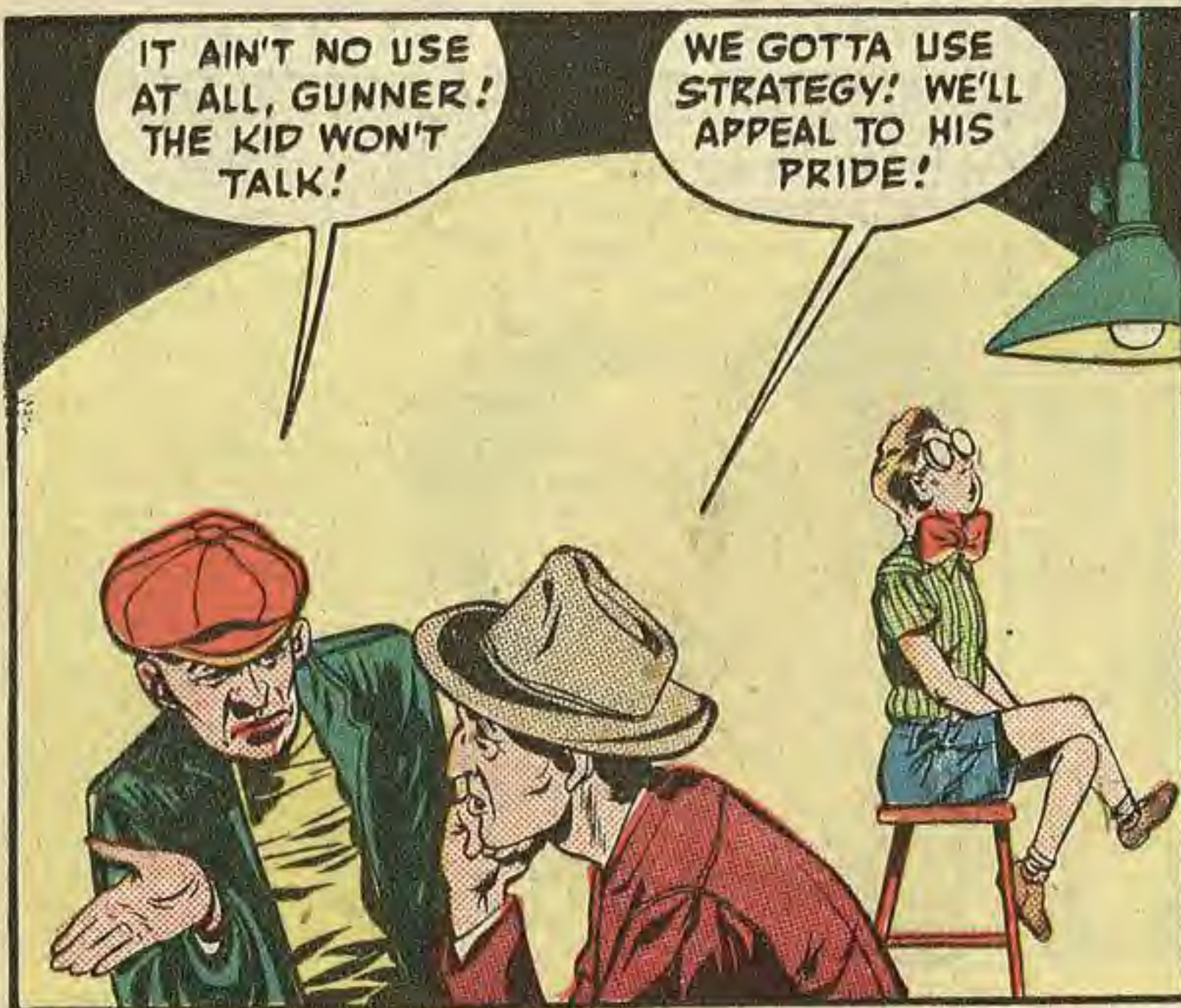












Later, as Sally O'Neil is scouting the neighborhood...



YOU'RE SAFE NOW, MELVIN! KNOW HOW I TRAILED YOU?

BY THE ZINGO BARS, OF COURSE! I WONDERED HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE THE POLICE TO STUMBLE ON SO OBVIOUS A CLUE! I WAS GETTING RATHER SICK OF EATING THEM!

IT SEEMS THE CINEMA IS RIGHT IN ONE DETAIL -- ITS PORTRAYAL OF POLICE PERSONS AS LACKING IN IMAGINATION AND THE ABILITY TO DEDUCE RATIONALLY!

I OUGHT TO...

OWING TO YOUR TARDINESS, GUNNER McGASSON MAY SUCCEED IN ROBBING THE FIFTH NATIONAL! AFTER ALL, THE PLAN I GAVE HIM IS NEARLY FOOLPROOF!

YOU--YOU LITTLE MONSTER! YOU AIDED AND ABETTED A CRIME?

START PRAYING! FOR YOUR SAKE, I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

SUCH IMPULSIVENESS! DON'T NEGLECT TO SEND SOMEONE BACK TO COLLECT THE IGNORANT BANDIT YOU ASSAULTED!

THE BANK GUARDS! GET READY TO BLAST!

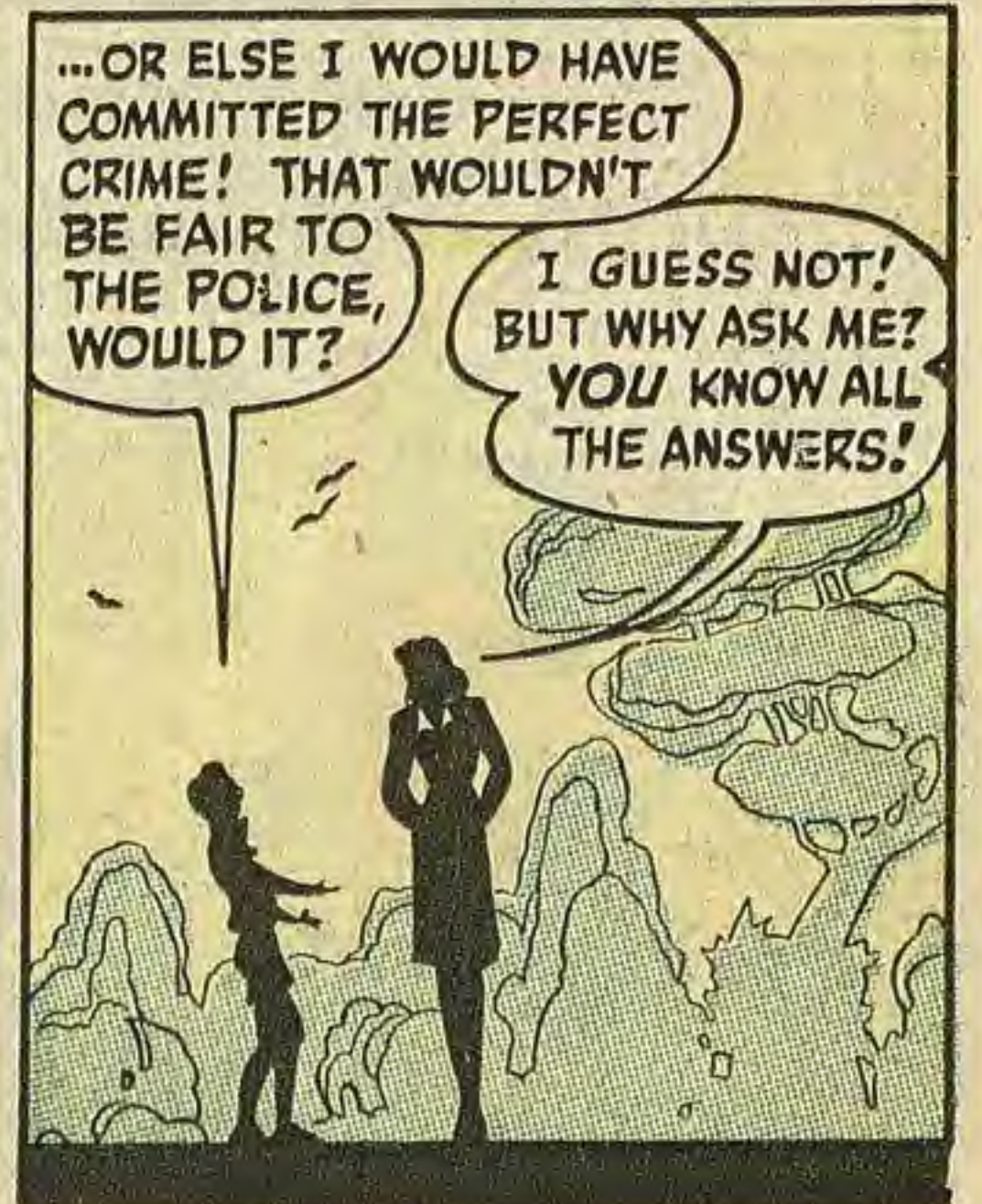
OKAY, GUNNER!

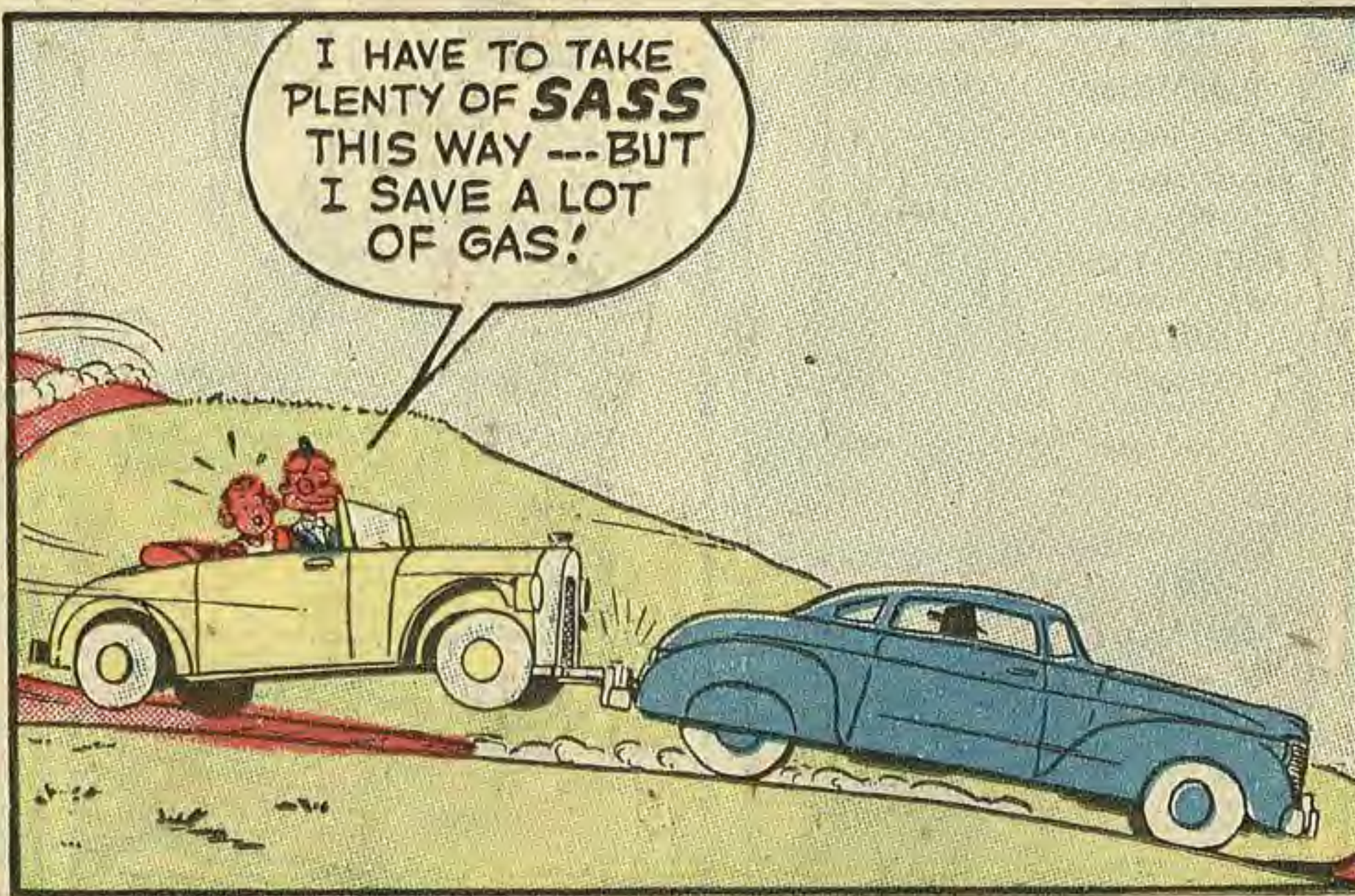
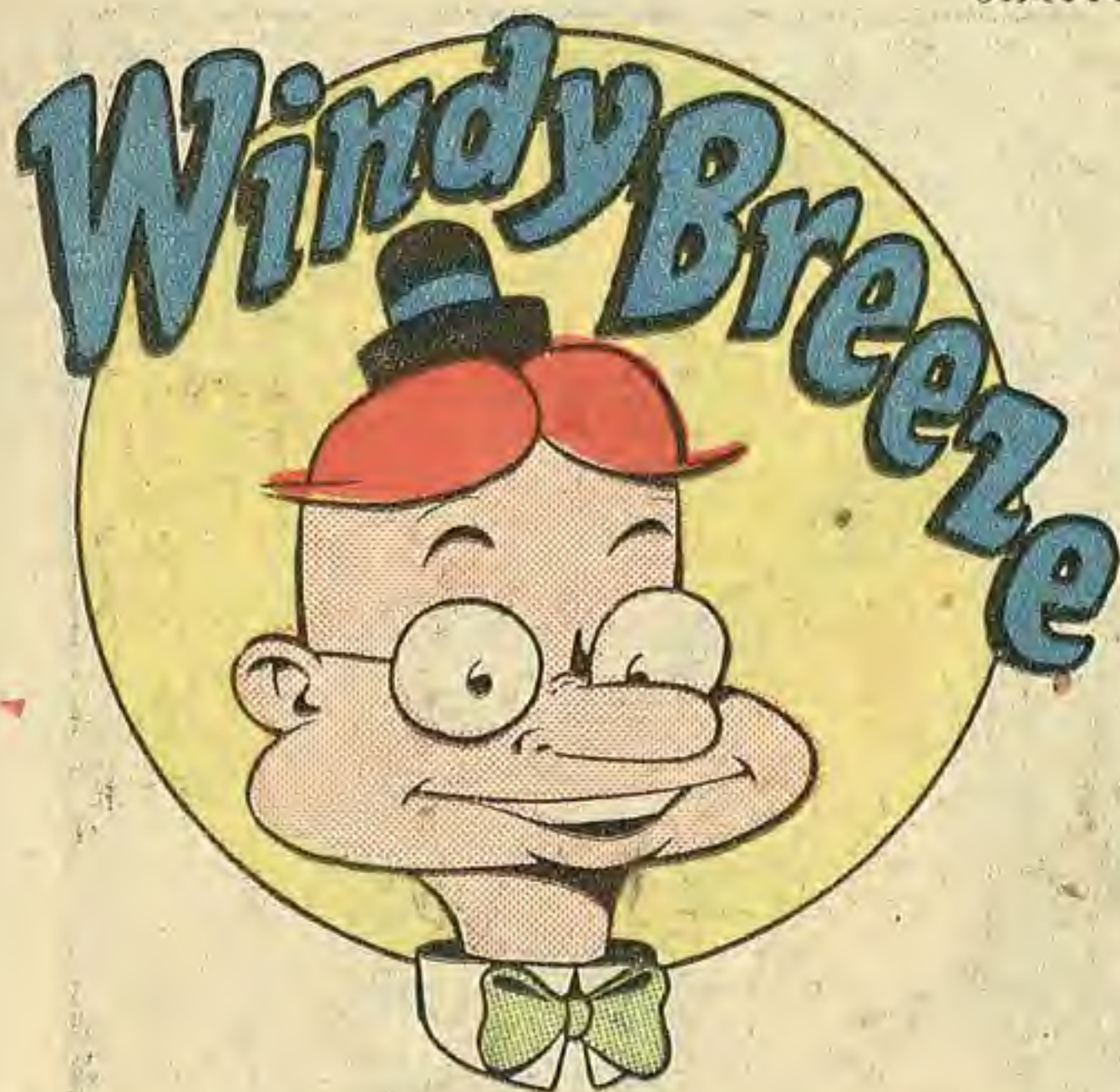
WHAT TH...! SAND!

I'M CHOKING! I CAN'T BREATHE!

THESE SAND-BLASTING GUNS DID THE TRICK! THAT MELVIN KNEW HIS STUFF!

OHHHHH!





Steve Wood



But Steve Wood *LIKES* the waterfront—
It will take more than an anonymous
note to make him start packing!



The private office of a
private detective...

BUSINESS IS DULL
THESE DAYS,
SALLY!

IT'S PICKING
UP, STEVE! A
GENTLEMAN'S
ASKING TO SEE
YOU ---WITH A
HANDFUL OF
FOLDING
MONEY!



HERE, MR. WOOD
--YOUR
RETAINING
FEE!

THAT SORT
OF DOUGH
MEANS YOU WANT
SOMEBODY KILLED,
BUB! AND I'M ON
THE SIDE OF THE
LAW--MOST
OF THE
TIME!



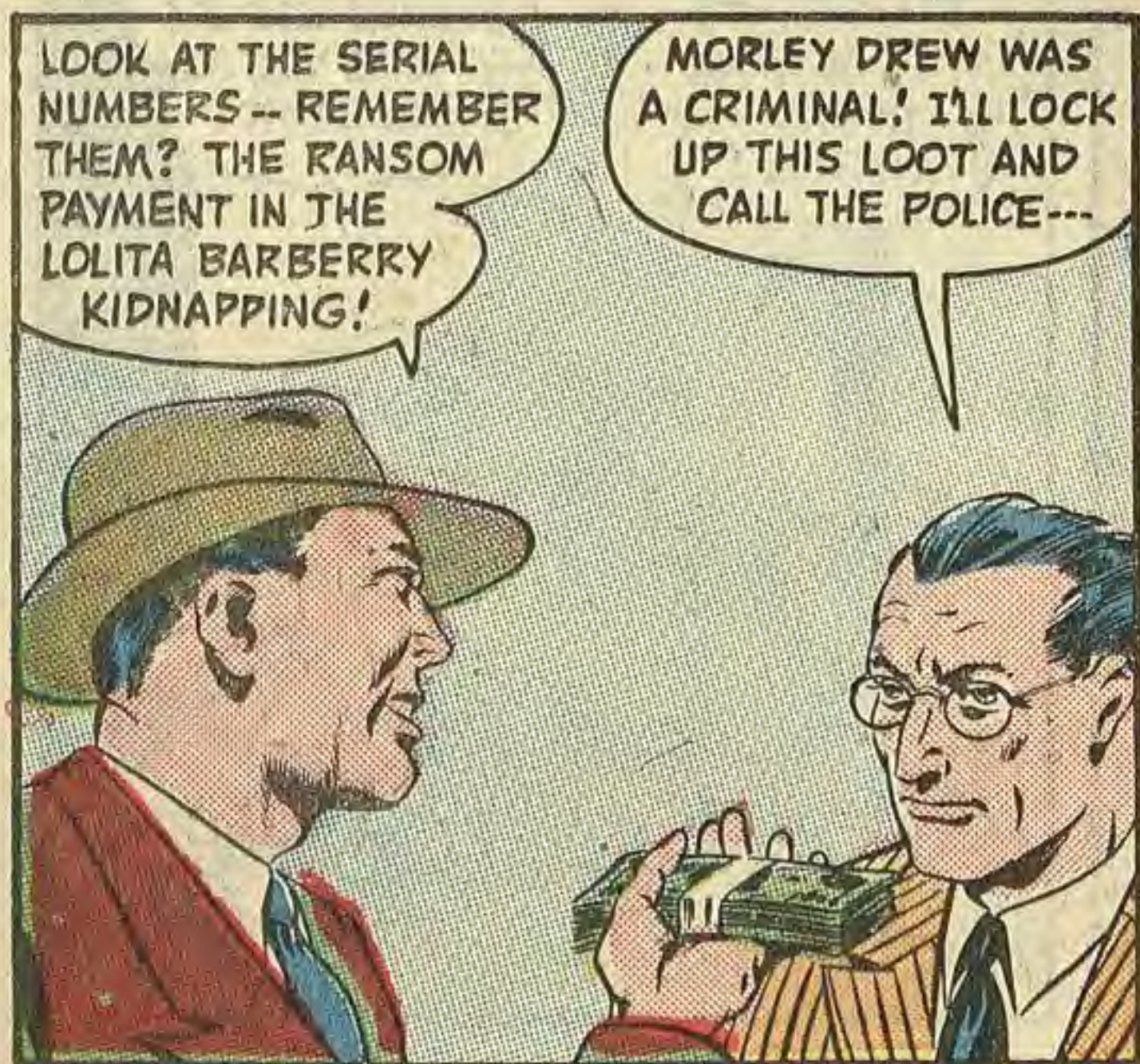
NO, NO! A MERE BODYGUARD
JOB INLAND FOR A FEW DAYS!
--AND THE FULL
FEE IS FIVE
TIMES THIS!

TELL ME
MORE! I
LIKE THE
SOUND
OF YOUR
VOICE!





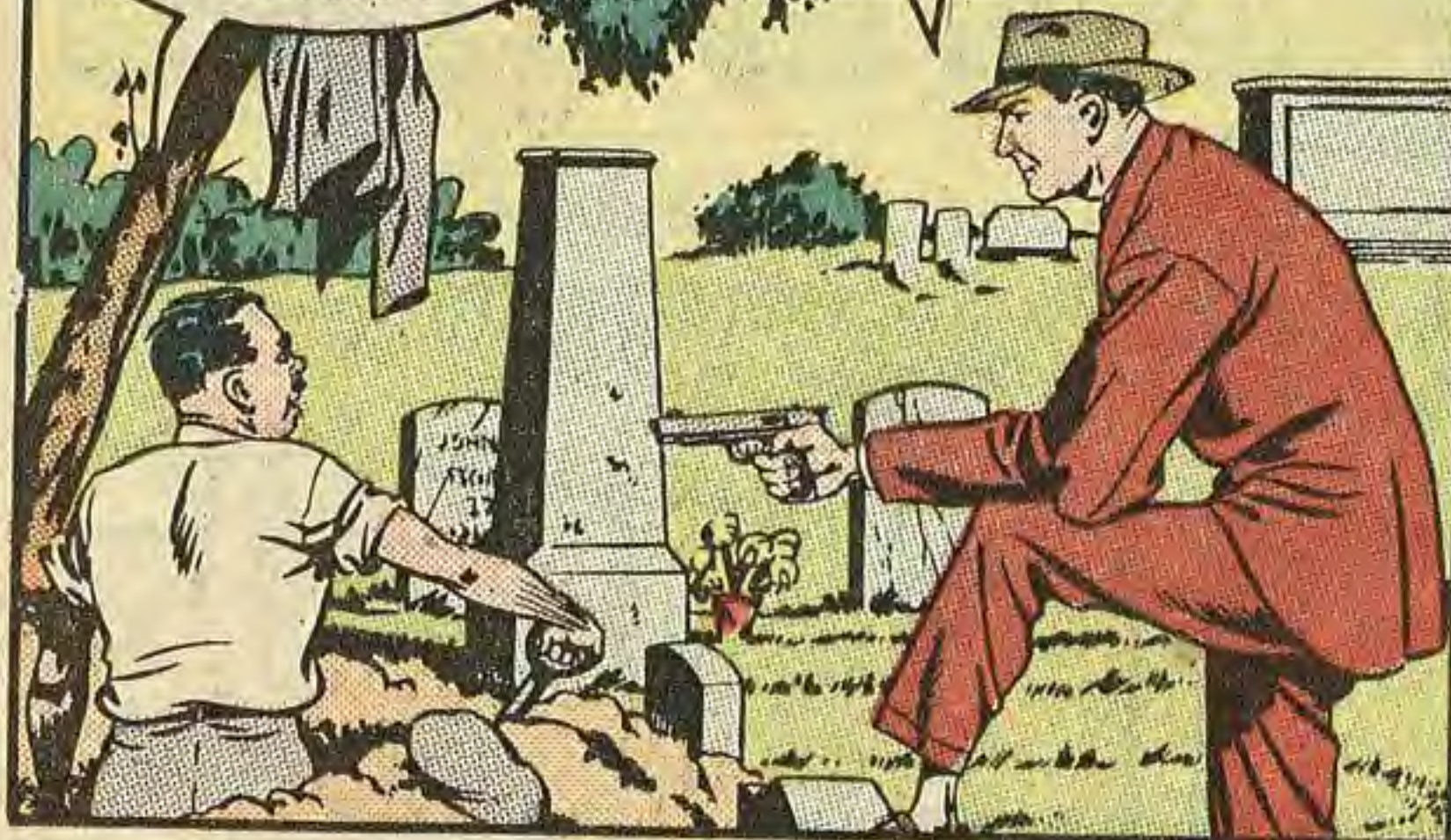




Under the ash tree at the cemetery...

HE FOOLED ME!
THERE'S NOTHING
HERE--NOT A
DOLLAR!

OKAY, KNOCK OFF! I
FOUND THE LOOT AND IT'S
IN SAFE KEEPING!



I'M LICKED! I'LL TELL
EVERYTHING! I WAS
DREW'S STOOGE, HELPED
HIM WITH THE ROBBERY
AND KIDNAPPING! WHEN
HE SAID HE'D NOT CUT
ME IN, I KILLED
HIM---

AND HE SUSPECTED
YOU! FIGURED TO
HAVE ME HELP
HIM --- WELL, I
WOULDN'T HAVE
SOLD OUT TO HIM
ANY MORE THAN I
SOLD OUT TO YOU!
COME ON
BACK TO
WHERE MY
OFFICE
WAS!



At the scene of the bombing...

POOR STEVE WOOD ---
BLOWN OUT OF
EXISTENCE! AND
HE NEVER KNEW
HOW MUCH I
ADMIRED
HIM!

WAIT, I'LL
GET A VIOLIN
TO PLAY SLOW
MUSIC WITH THAT
FUNERAL
ODE!



STEVE, YOU SHAMMOCKING
OMHADOWN! I OUGHT
TO KNOCK YOU OUT
FROM BETWEEN
YOUR EARS!

SPARE ME,
FLANAGAN, AND TAKE
CHARGE OF MORLEY
DREW'S MURDERER!
THEN COME DOWN
TO THE WATERFRONT
NATIONAL AND
SEE WHAT'S
THERE!



Within the hour...

ALL THE MONEY WILL
BE RETURNED TO
THE PROPERTY
OWNERS, OF
COURSE!

BUT THERE'S A REWARD,
AND STEVE WOOD
EARNS IT!



THAT REWARD
WILL REDECORATE
AND REFURNISH
THE OFFICE,
STEVE!

WITH ENOUGH LEFT
OVER FOR ME TO
TAKE YOU OUT FOR
A BITE OF DINNER
AND A COUPLE OF
DANCES!

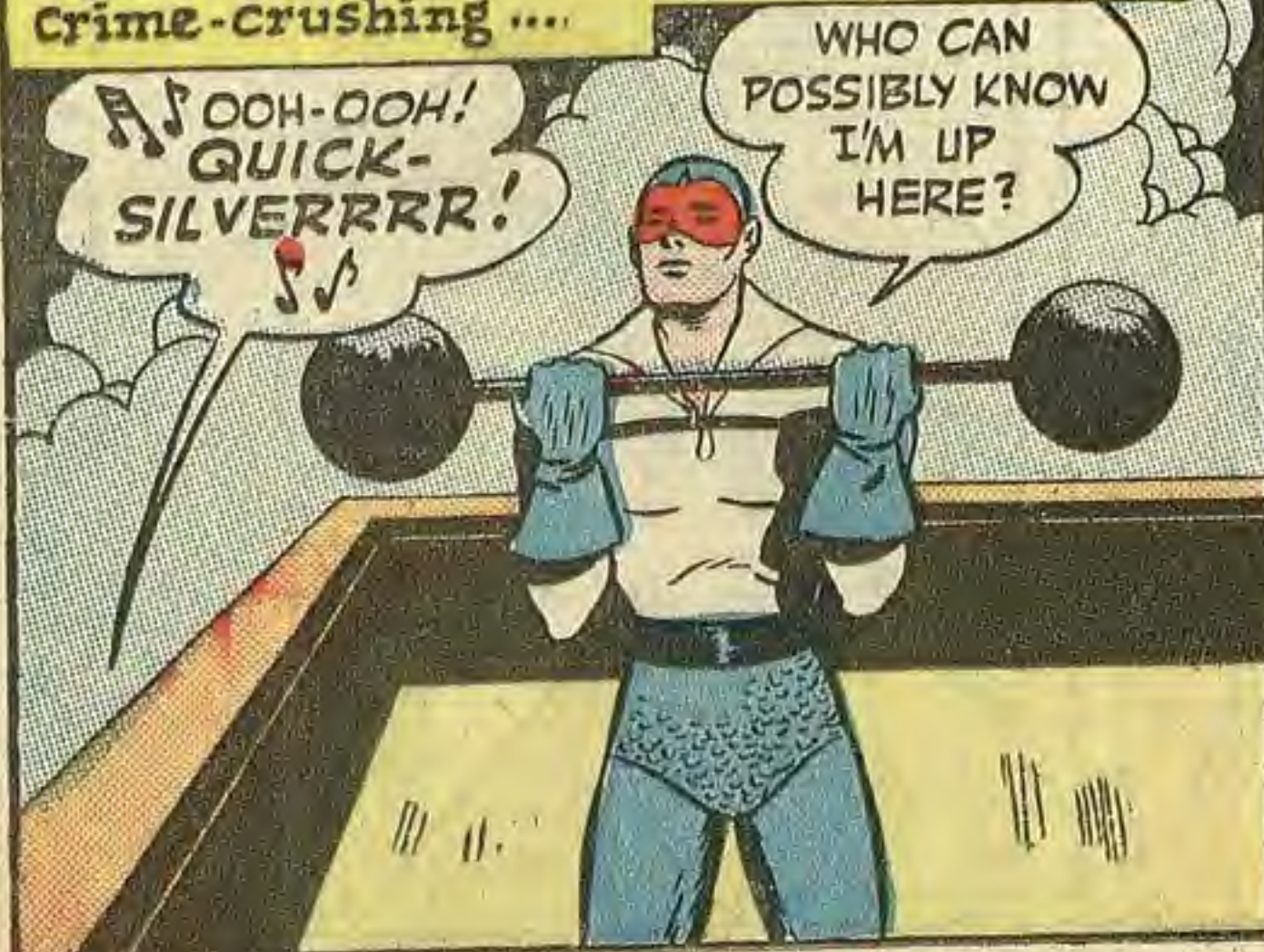


QUICKSILVER

Quicksilver called her **NUISANCE**...
but all she had to do to capture criminals
was --- **RAISE AN EYEBROW!**



On a sky-scraping peak of the big city's
man-made mountains, Quicksilver trains
vigorously for his herculean feats of
crime-crushing ...



♪ OOH-OOH!
QUICK-
SILVERRRR!
♪

WHO CAN
POSSIBLY KNOW
I'M UP
HERE?

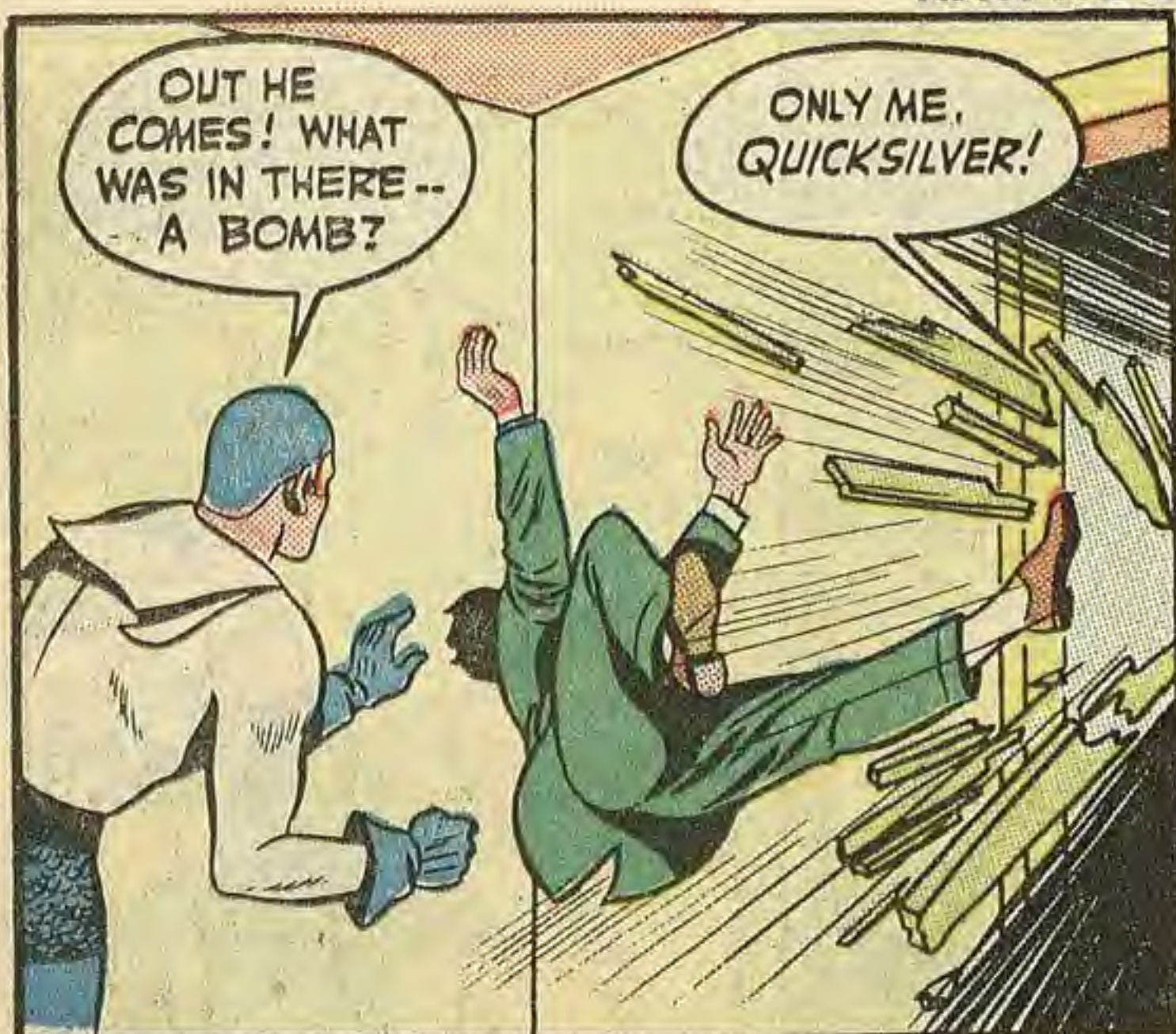
YOU WERE *BOUND* TO BE!
YOU HUNT THE HIGH PLACES--
AND I'VE FOLLOWED YOU UP
HERE! I AM *WILDA* ---

WHAT DO YOU
WANT? IF YOU'RE
IN DANGER
OR ---



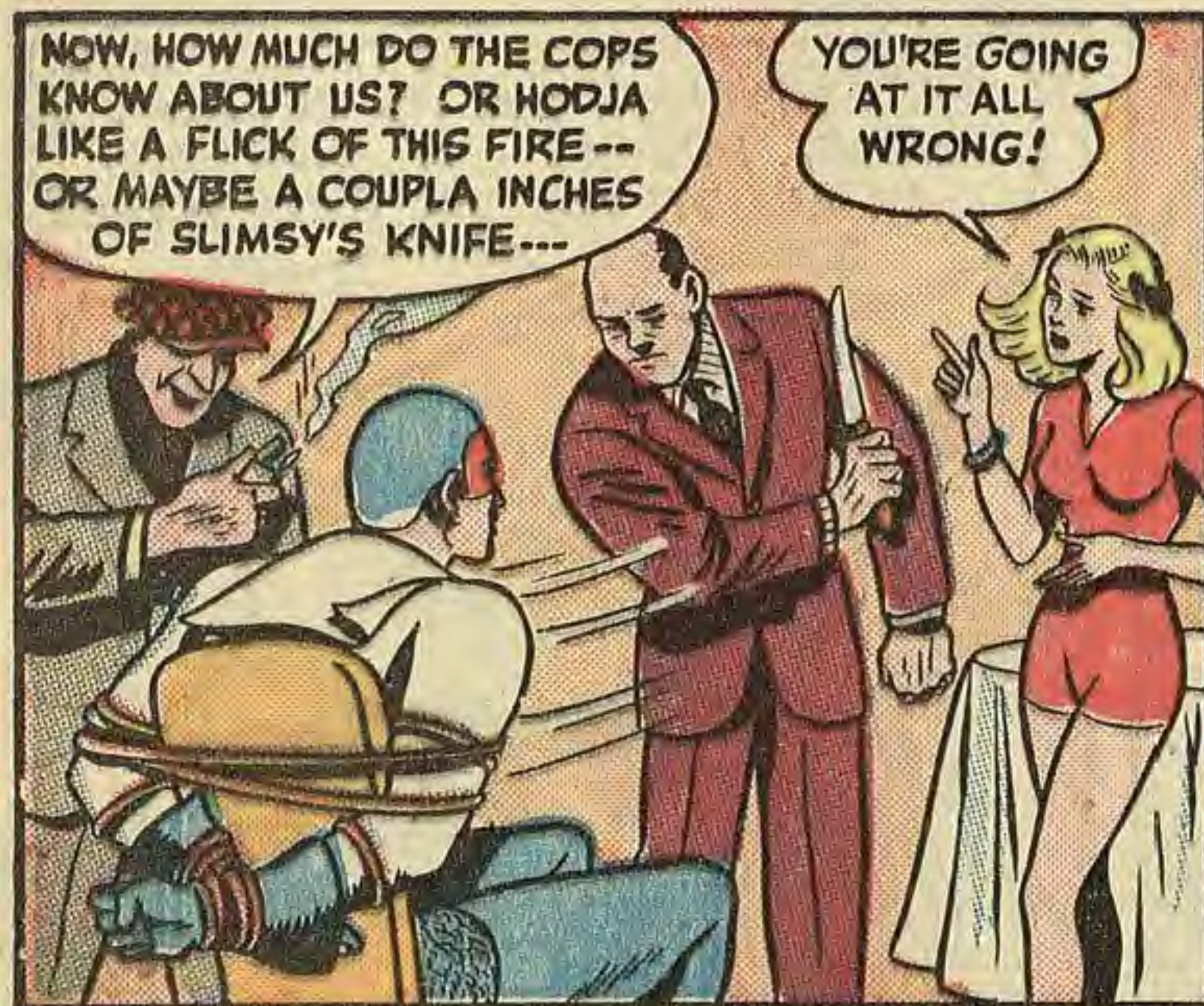
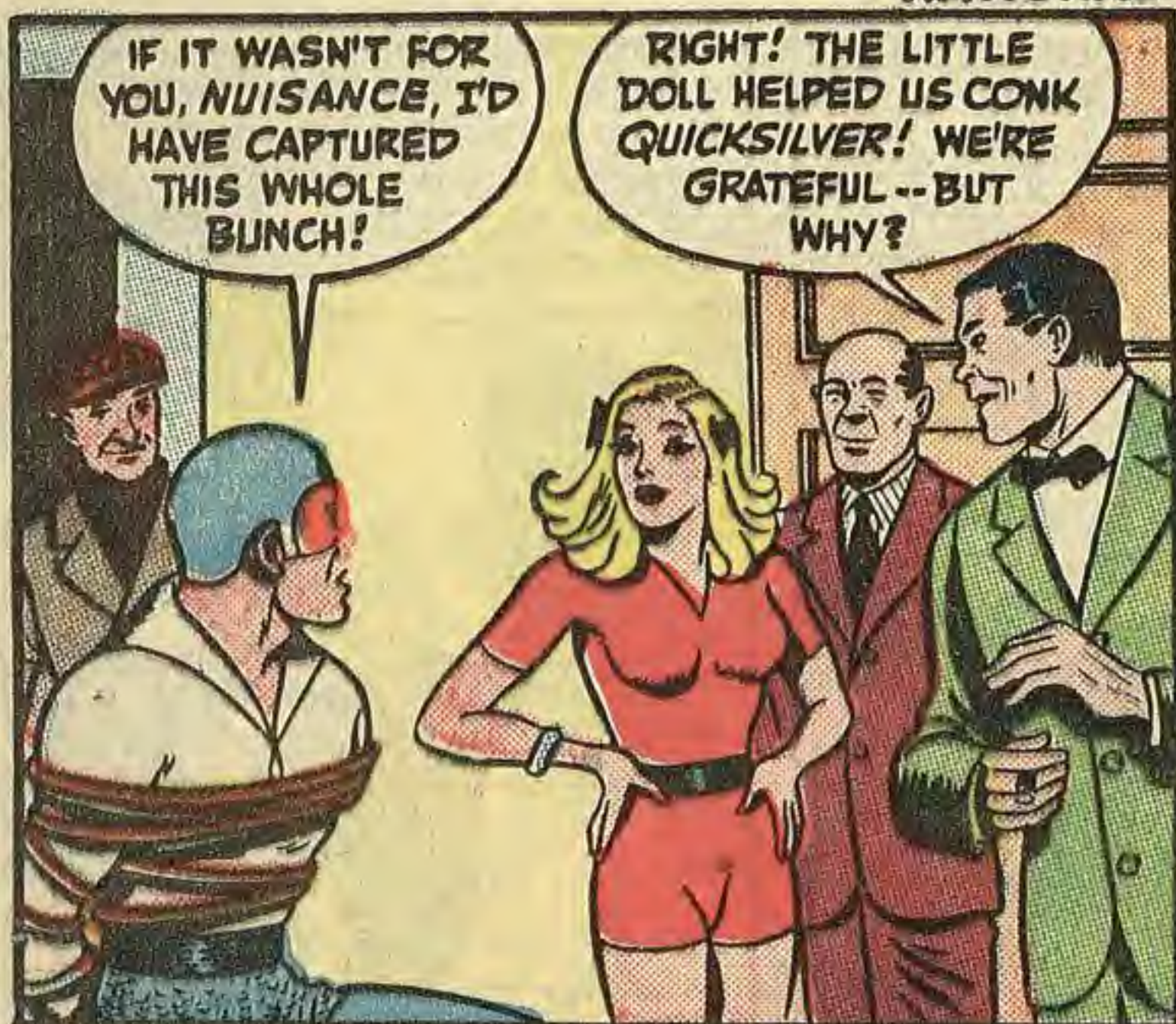
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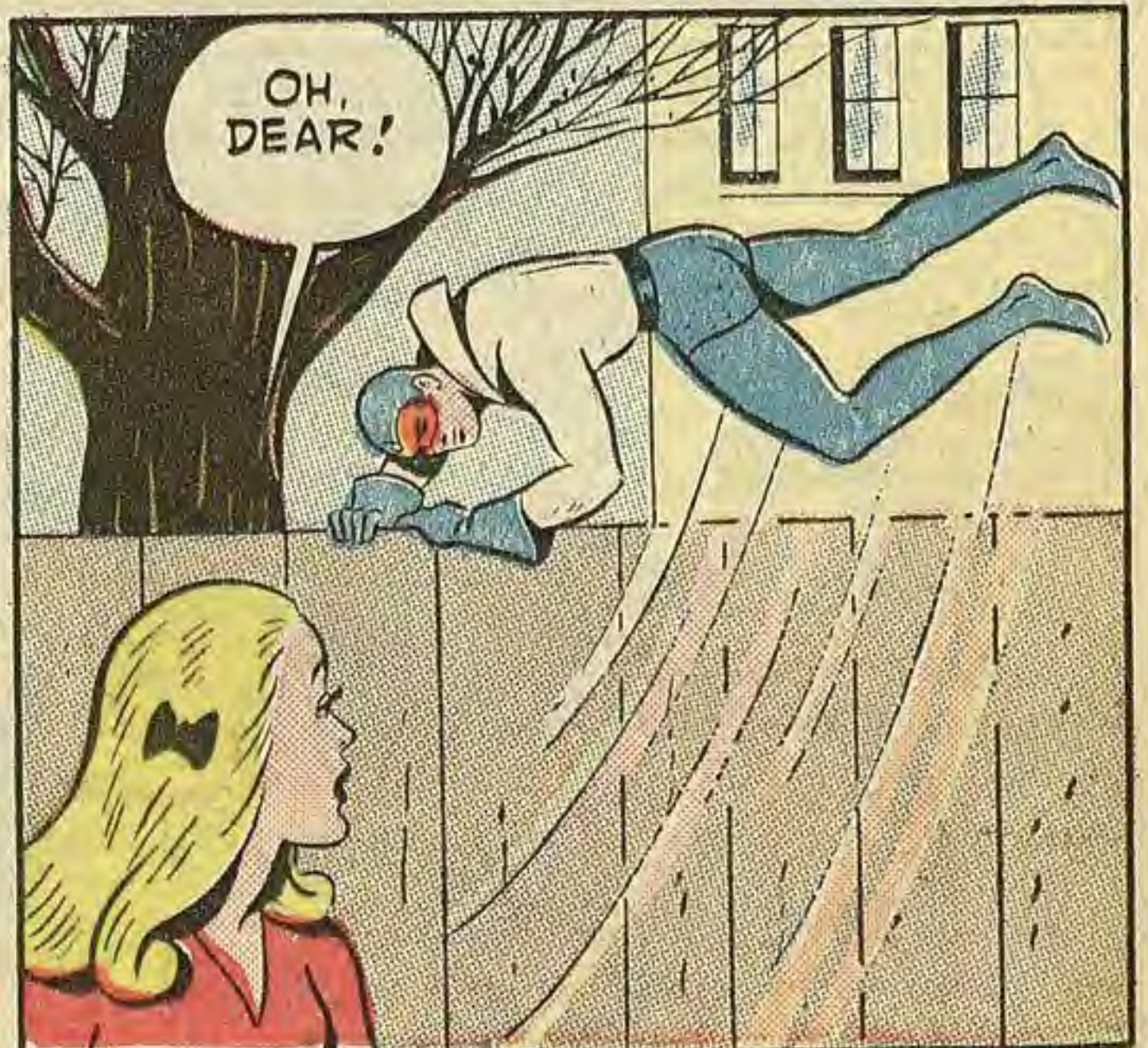
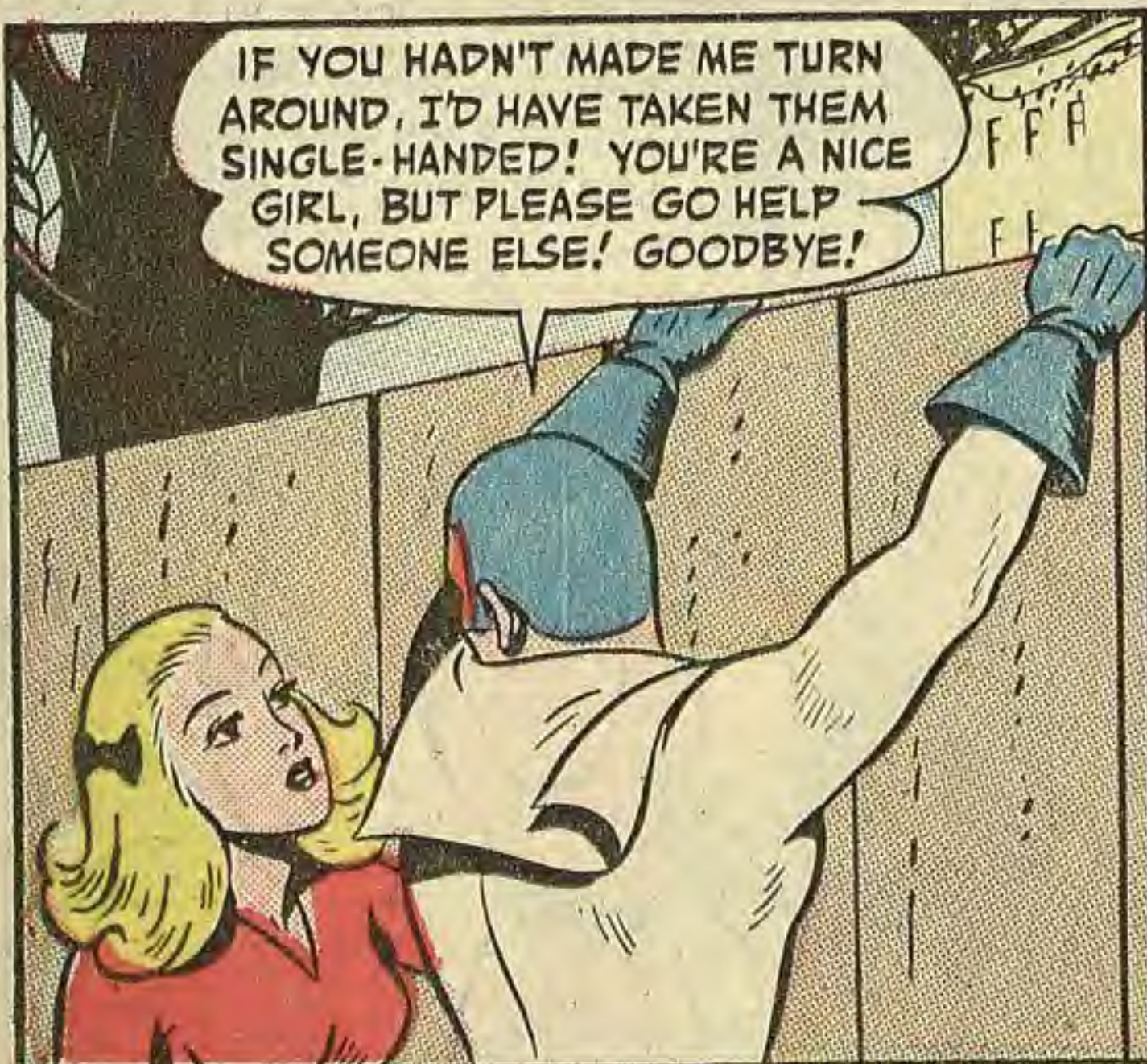


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THE DEVIL DOG

HATE causes men to do strange, terrible deeds. It is a stronger emotion than love, though there are two schools of thought on this. Murder is sometimes accomplished through hate—and love.

This is a story of hate—the hate of a man for a dog, and its consequences.

Jean Batteau was at heart a morose man of violent disposition when roused. Born in the far north, he was of that clan that is an offshoot of the early French voyageurs, hardy stock but temperamental and subject to shifting emotions. Hate was easy for many of these men. They had many causes for it, too.

Jean Batteau's hate all began when he found a small straggly puppy. A malemute. Or maybe it was a husky. Jean took it home to his cabin on the Skeena and nursed it to health. It had been almost frozen when he came across it, its mother dead from a gunshot wound. Someone had mistook her for a wolf, and for good reason. Jean could see that she was at least two-thirds wolf. He figured that its pup would make a valuable addition to his dog team.

Malemute or husky and wolf makes for a hardy strain in dogs.

When Skeena was three months old, Jean discovered that the pup had a mind of its own. It was hard to teach; rather, it hated to be taught. The way Jean went about it, no wonder. Jean believed in the old method of beating until a thing was accomplished. He shunned coaxing animals, or petting them. He beat them into their tasks. As a matter of fact, all his dogs hated him.

Skeena, more than all the others, hated him from the time it was a tiny puppy. Skeena was of the wolf clan and knew how to hate!

Jean beat and clubbed, all to no avail. The young dog simply would not be beaten into doing anything. Jean swore that no good could defy him—and live. He beat and beat, using heavier clubs. And Skeena yelped and growled and snapped.

Jean had to keep the little beast chained because already at six months old it would attack any dog

in his pack, with disastrous results. Skeena had ripped and torn several dogs almost beyond repair.

Jean beat, and Skeena grew more savage.

A year passed. Skeena was now chained constantly to a tree, and Jean could not get near him. His fish were tossed to him from a distance. Sometimes Jean felt like just letting the dog die of starvation. But he couldn't bring himself to do that, having dealt with dogs all his life.

Jean Batteau had one other hate. Old MacVee, factor of the Lac Rogue Post, one of the Hudson's Bay trading stations, was the subject of Jean's bitter hatred. Jean hated MacVee because the latter had once publicly refused him credit. That had stung Jean, and always he planned to get even.

MacVee had some reason to refuse credit to Jean at the time he did. Jean was greatly in debt to the factor. The Hudson's Company demanded his payment. MacVee had paid out of his own pocket just to keep matters clean. And then Jean had refused to repay him. Thus the old man's refusal to extend further credit.

So Jean hated the old Scot deeply.

As a trapper, Jean needed a number of things during the season—traps, canned bait, lures and scents; and, of course, groceries. But of late he had been traveling more than a hundred miles to the south to trade at another post, having vowed never to enter MacVee's store again and never to pay him.

Jean Batteau lived alone with his dozen dogs. He made a good living at his traps and was one of the cleverest trailers in all the northland. Frequently, when everything permitted, he worked as a guide for hunters up from the States, thus making a few extra dollars. Jean was an excellent guide and knew every foot of the vast forest.

He had just seen a big hunting party through and had collected his fee, and was now bent on getting more traps and extending his line. He set out for the south to purchase them, and other items, from the trading station in Saskatchewan. Jean took seven

NATIONAL COMICS

of his big dogs to haul the sledge over the hard-packed snow.

He had tossed several frozen fish to the chained Skeena before he set out, cursing the animal as usual when he did so. Skeena merely growled and watched his enemy with great red eyes, slaving at the jaws and showing inch-long fangs in a snarl.

"Beast" hissed Jean. "For a small thing, I would let you starve, you savage."

It was zero and blowing hard when Jean set out. He was gone ten days. When he returned, Skeena was gone. The chain was broken. Jean didn't like that state of affairs. Secretly he feared Skeena. He hated to think that the great shaggy beast was free to skulk in the darkness and probably leap upon him in the night.

"I'll shoot him when I see him," Jean told himself. "He's a devil and needs killing."

The season wore on, and Jean saw nothing of Skeena, although often he saw the huge dog's tracks about the cabin. It was as if his fears were true: that the savage dog waited out there in the darkness.

Jean laid cleverly concealed traps all about his cabin. He caught an occasional wild animal but not so much as a hair of Skeena. The dog was uncannily smart and wary.

The thing grew to be an obsession with Jean. He would have to kill that dog. He could not sleep. Even in his dreams he saw the big dog leap and tear at his throat and he would wake up screaming and fighting with an imaginary dog.

Jean Batteau became as a hunted man. He would not go forth at night. During the day he ran his trap line with both eyes ever alert, approaching every bush cautiously. Any one of them might conceal Skeena.

But he never saw Skeena, day or night. Only those huge tracks, circling the hidden traps.

One night while he sat in his cabin, just before retiring, Jean heard a distant howling, like a dog or wolf in agony. Picking up his rifle he went to the door and opened it a crack. He knew the sound now. It was Skeena, baying out there in the dark forest.

Suddenly the baying stopped. Silence fell upon

the forest. Jean could hear his heart beat. He stepped outside, with the door open behind him. He gripped his rifle, ready. Then without warning a pair of red eyes suddenly showed ahead of him. He leaped back and slammed the door with a cry of fear. A heavy body hit the door, almost crashing it inward. But Jean got the bar dropped in time.

He rushed to a window and stuck his rifle through. A yowl that sounded like a laugh greeted him. Jean fired a whole magazine into the darkness and found himself sweating and breathing as if he'd run a mile.

Jean made a grim discovery then: the magazine of cartridges he had fired fruitlessly were the last ones he possessed. He had forgotten to buy more down south. He would have to face old MacVee.

The next morning, carrying an ax, Jean set out for the post, which was about twelve miles due north of his cabin. He had gone about half the distance when he came face to face with MacVee himself. The old Scotsman, behind a team of five dogs, was heading toward his store leisurely. He called a greeting to the trapper.

Jean scowled and halted beside the old factor. "You got shells?" he demanded gruffly.

"Sure," said MacVee. "Plenty. Need some?"

Jean nodded without looking at the factor.

"Fine," said MacVee. "You pay me that little balance and I'll let you have all the cartridges you need."

Jean snarled. "I'll never pay you."

The Scotsman grinned. "All right, then you get no cartridges. Mush!" he yelled to his dogs.

Jean launched himself at the little man, grabbing him by the throat. "This I have always wanted to do. And now you're going to die!" They went down on the snow. They puffed and panted and rolled. But the fight was easily going Jean's way, he being almost twice the size of MacVee.

Suddenly a terrible growl ripped into Jean's consciousness. Then a furry thunderbolt shot into the battle. Long fangs gripped him before he could get at his knife. MacVee sat up, seeing the great beast kill Jean in two seconds. There was nothing he could do. He understood the hate. But he didn't understand why the dog had saved his life.

LASSIE

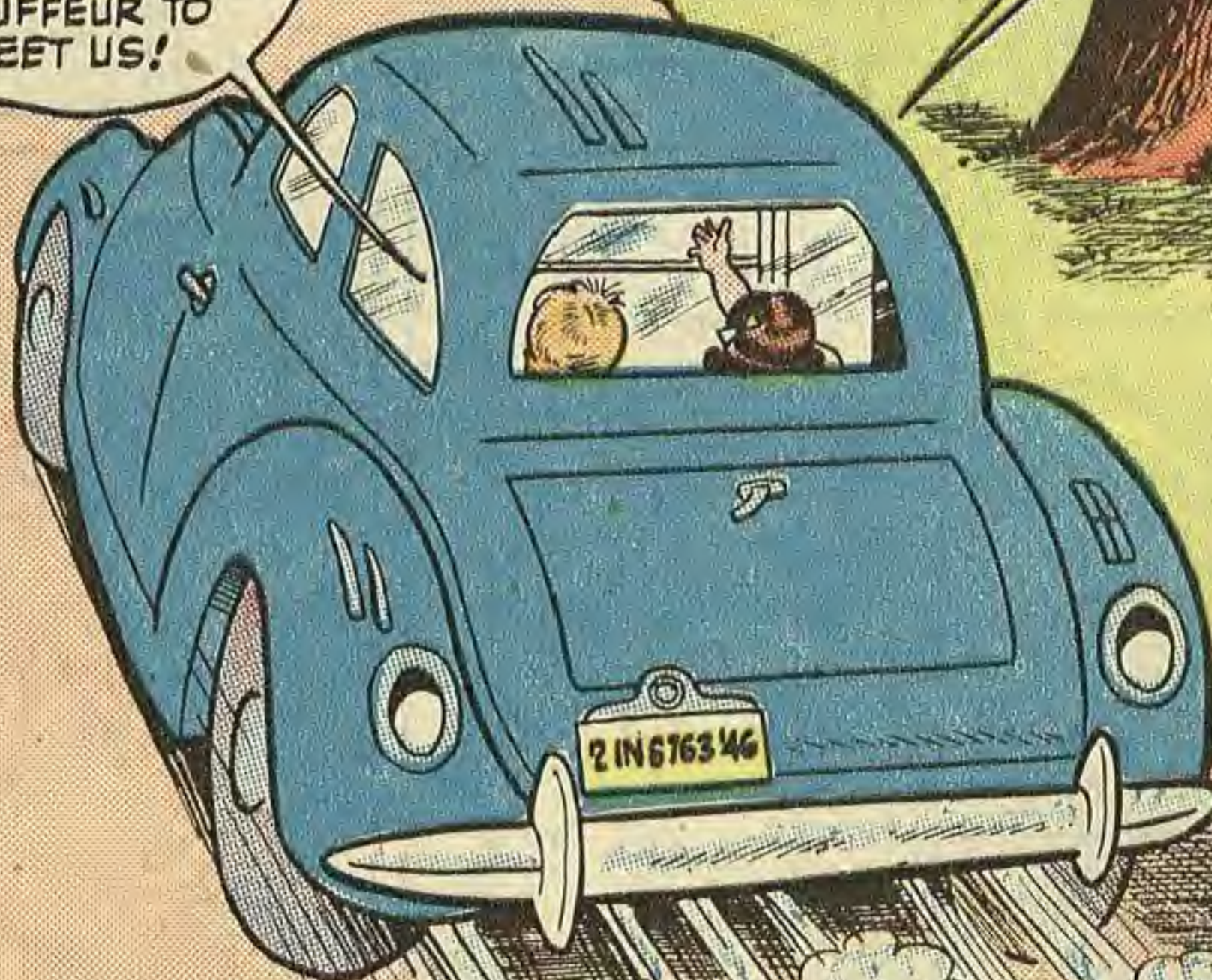
Lassie and Laddie are invited to rich Uncle Balty's for a visit.... Also visiting the old gentleman is his none-too-welcome sister, Sophia, who loves to boss the old boy about and regulate his life!

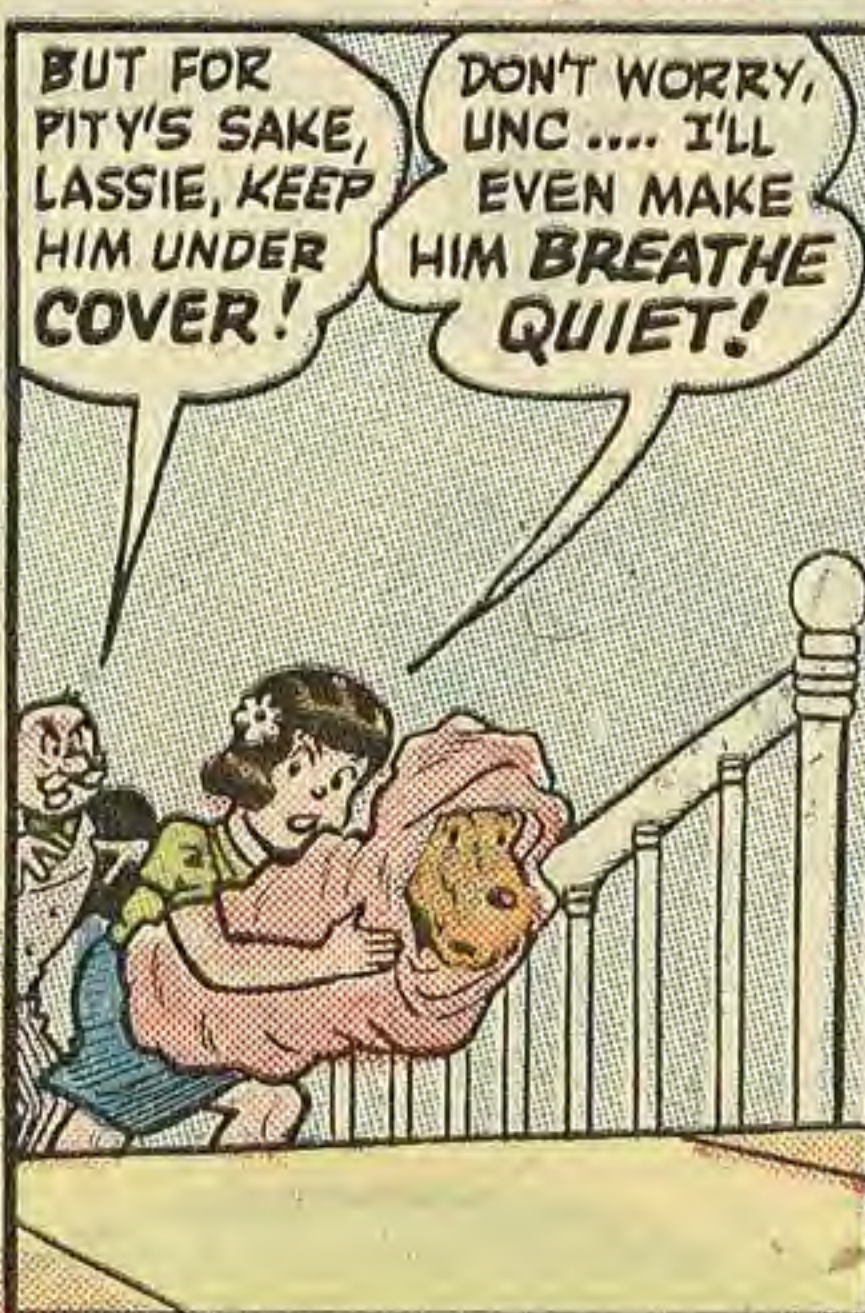
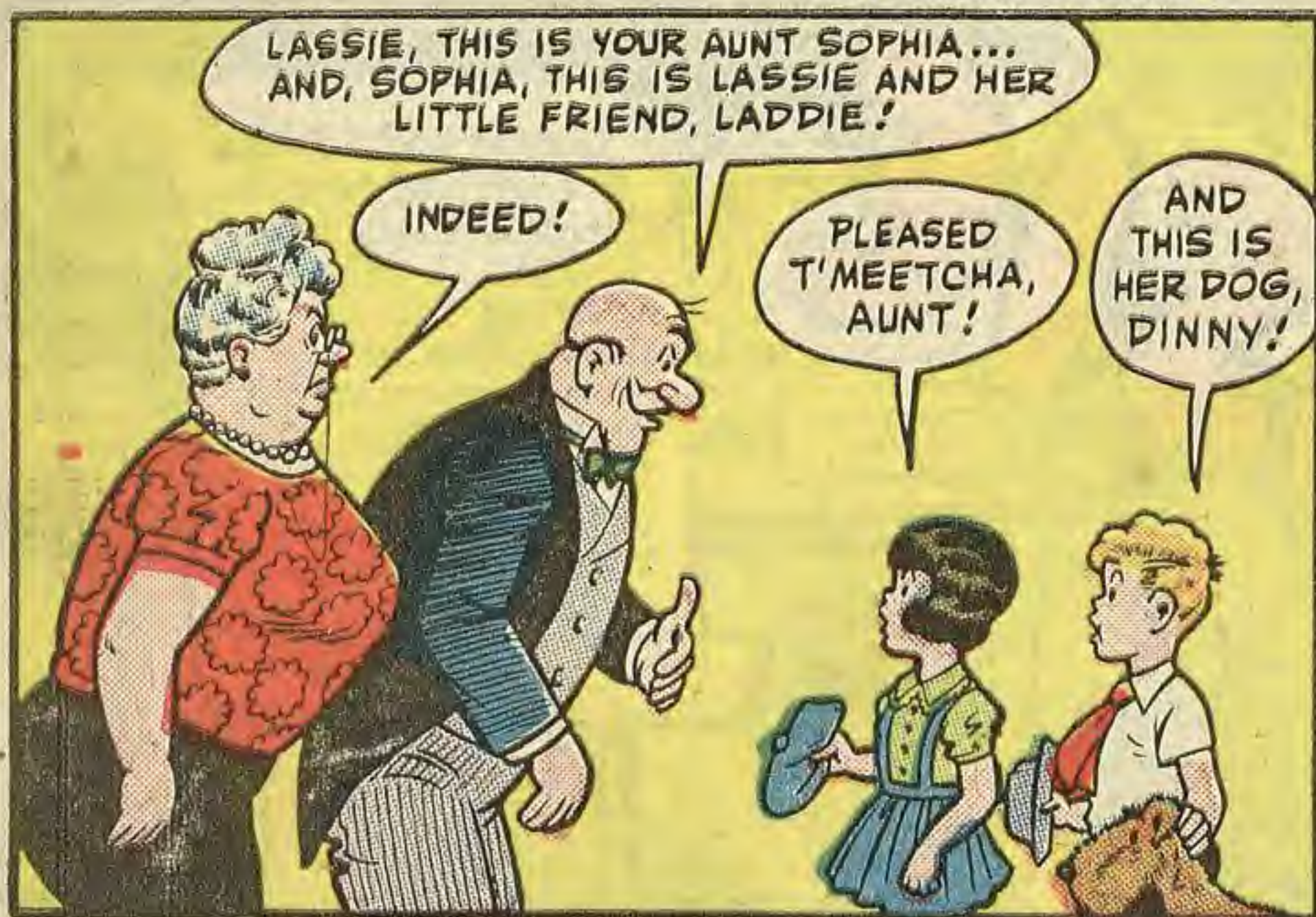
WELCOME, KIDS!

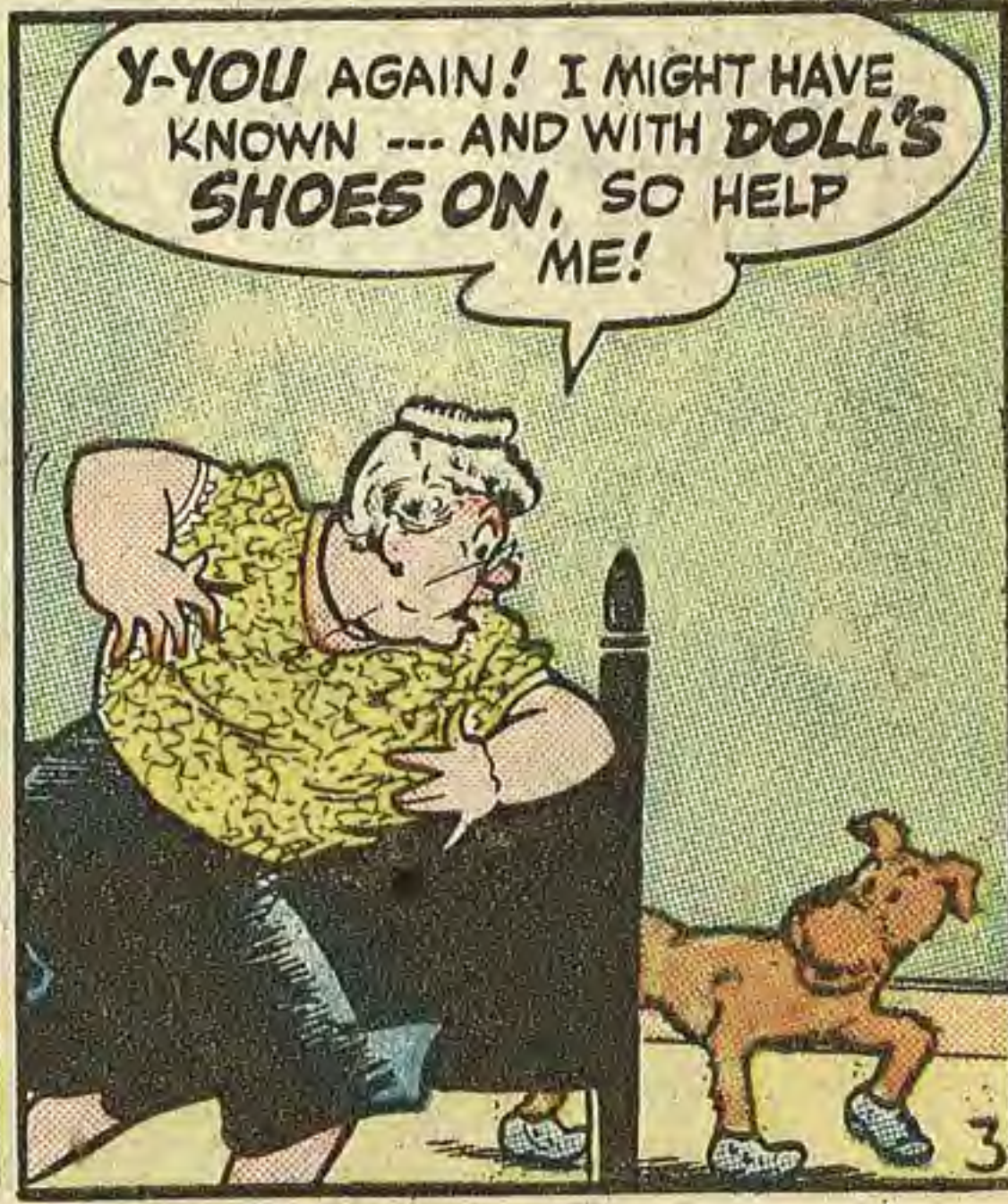
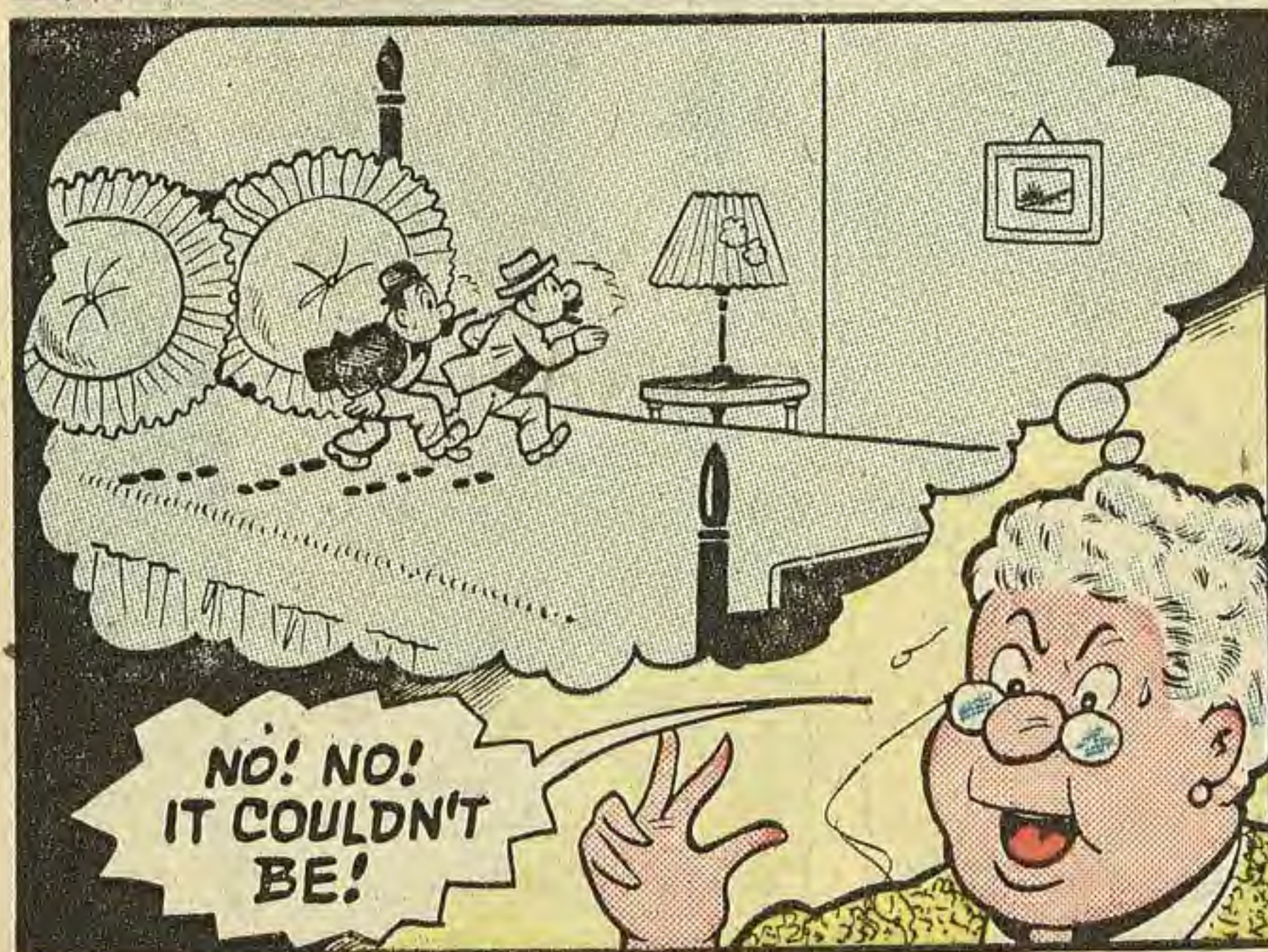
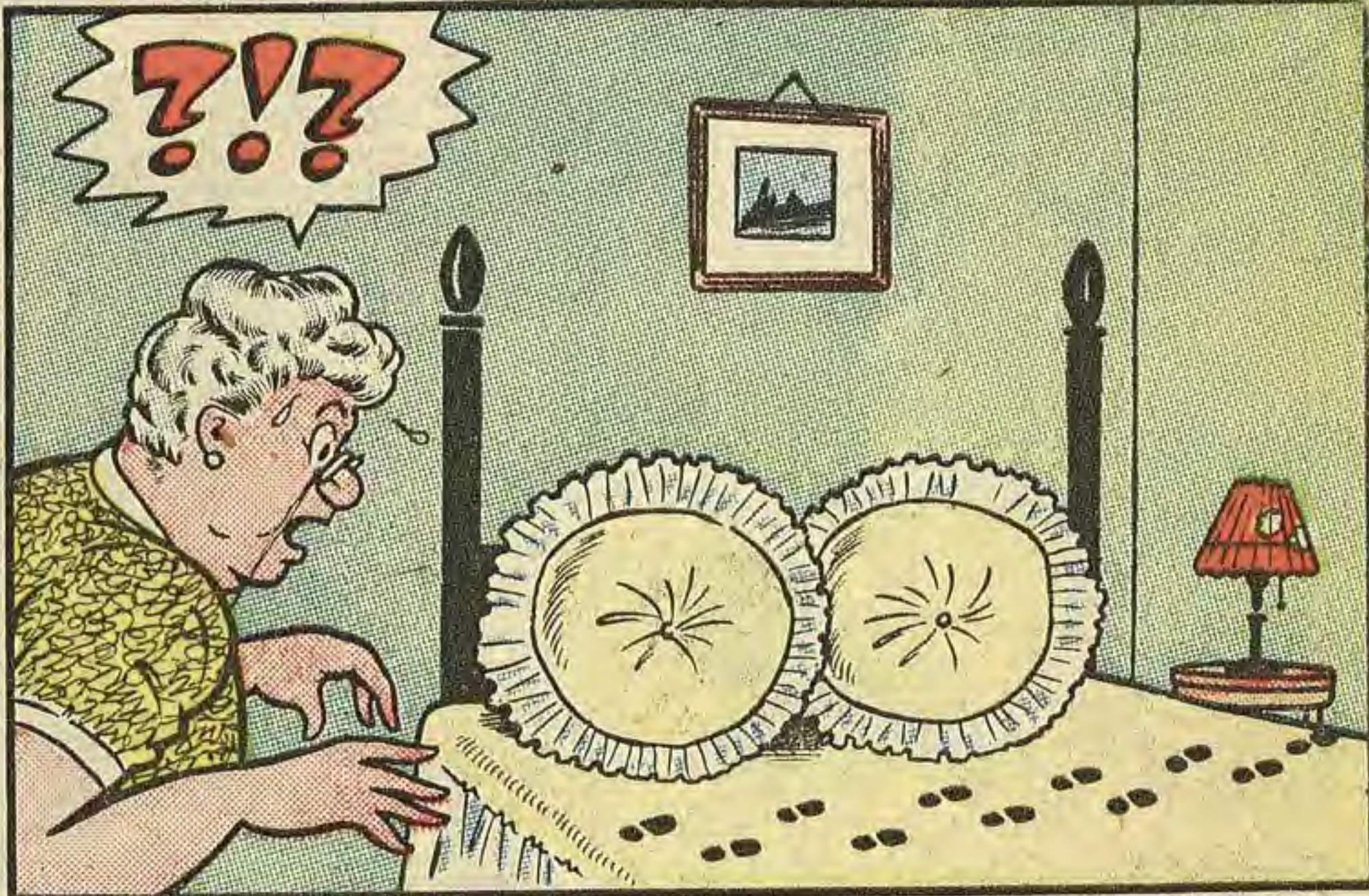
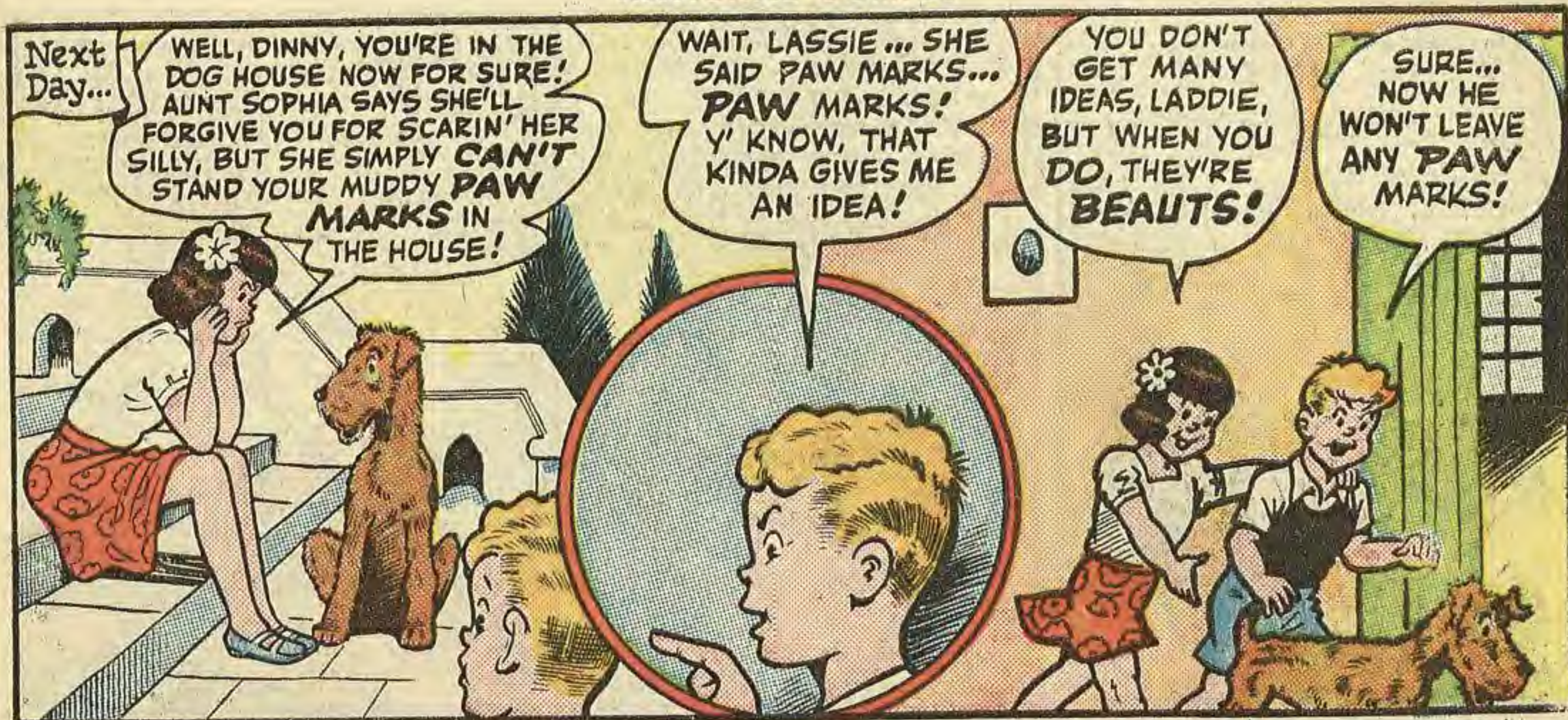
HMPH!

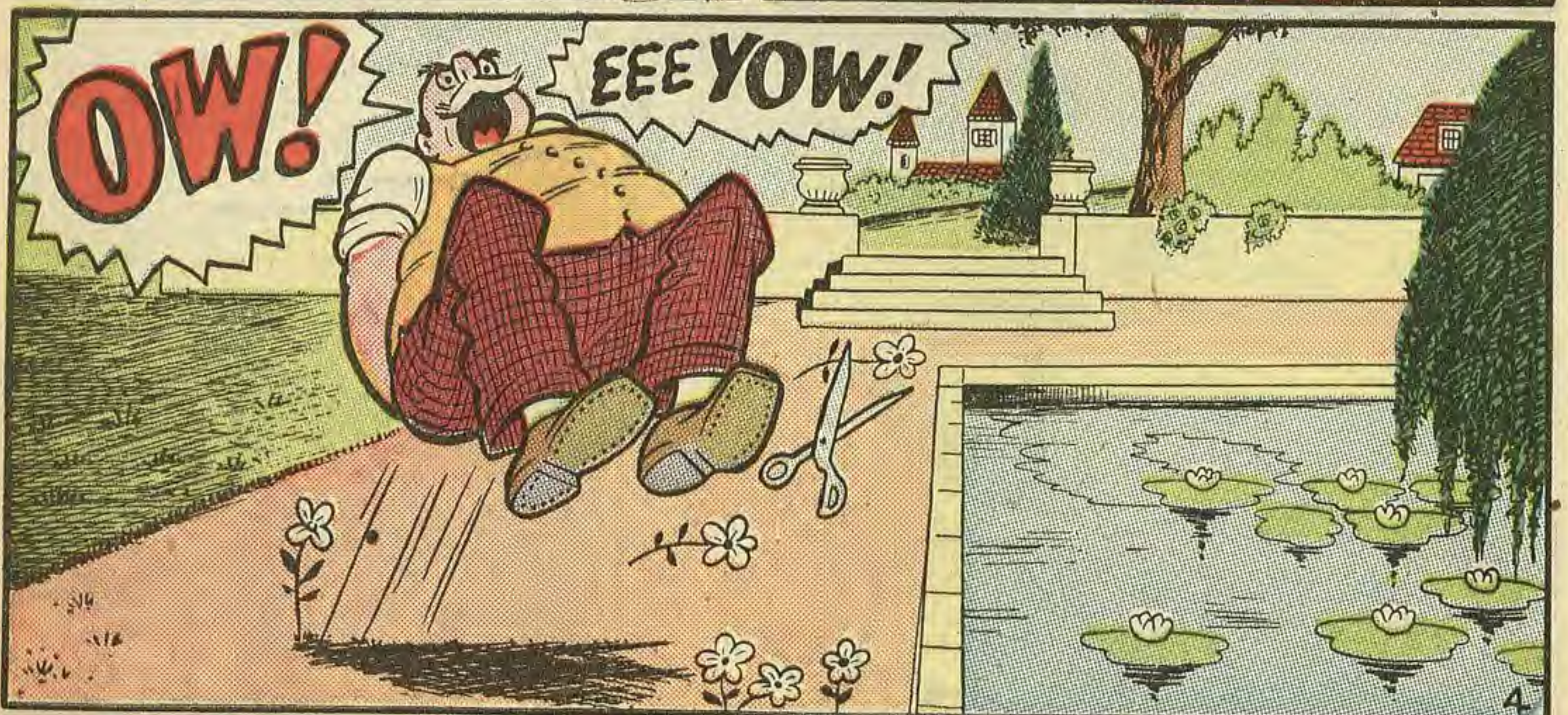
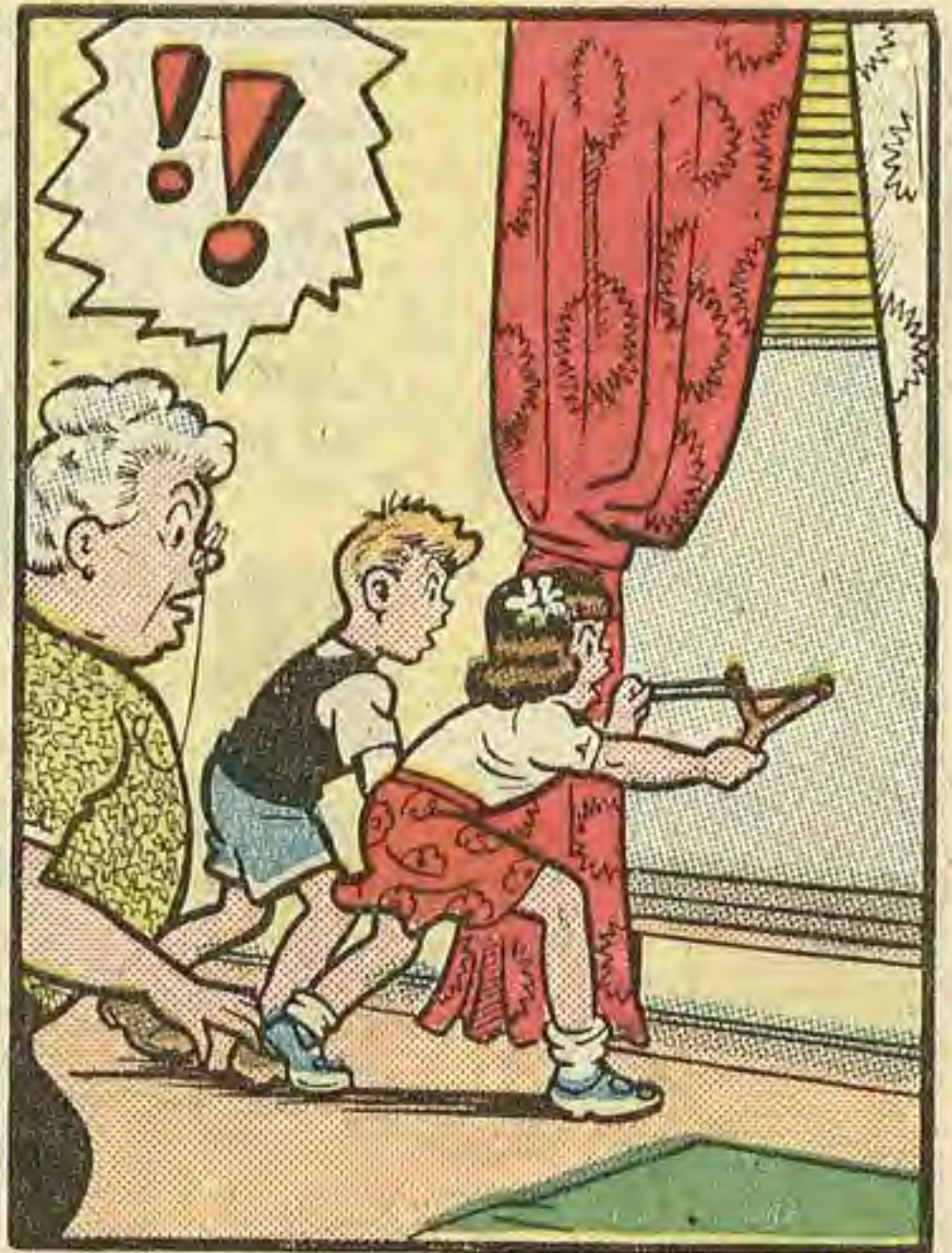
HERE WE ARE, LASSIE! DON'T FORGET TO THANK YOUR UNCLE FOR SENDING HIS CHAUFFEUR TO MEET US!

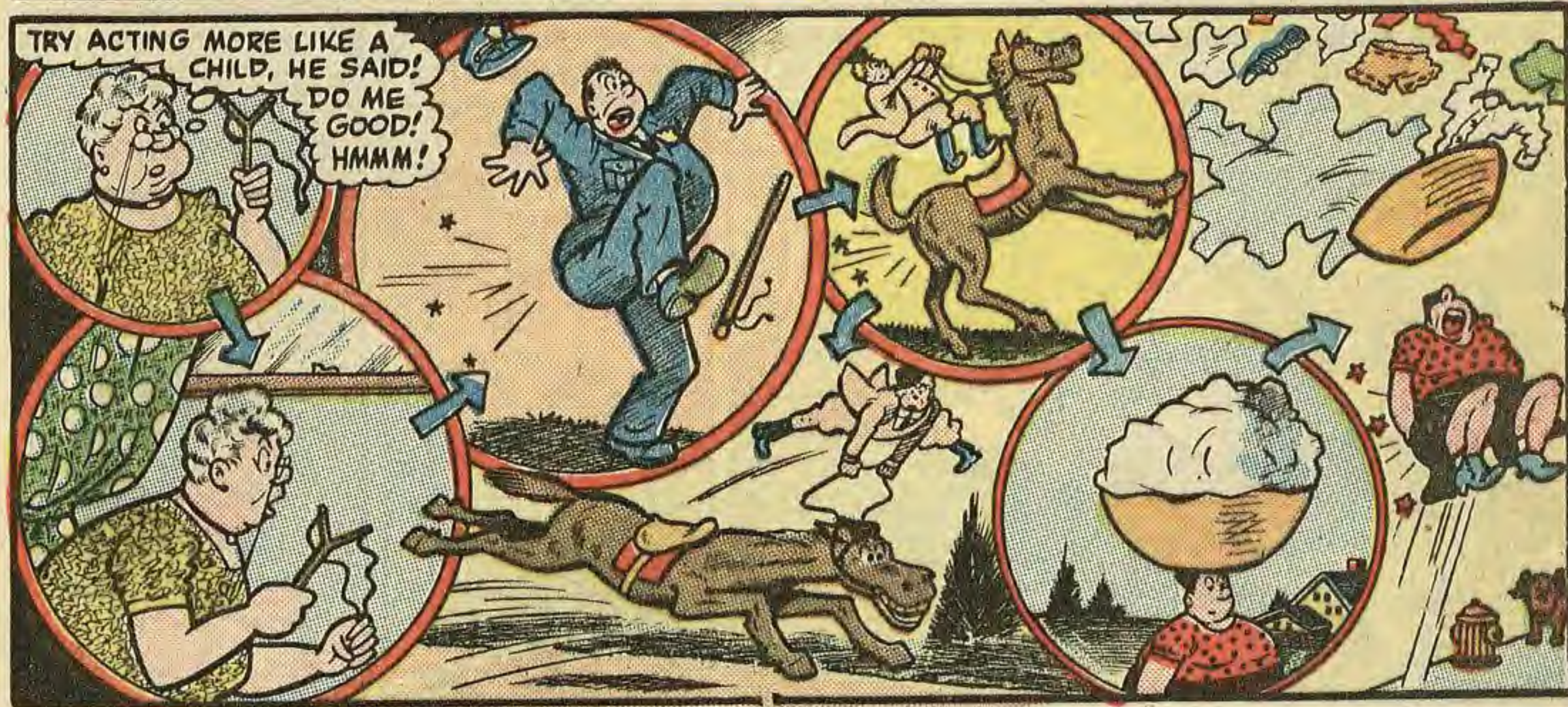
I HOPE HIS INVITATION INCLUDED MY **DOG**, TOO, 'CAUSE I'VE GOT HIM RIGHT HERE, PACKED IN WITH THE PRESERVED PEACHES WE BROUGHT WITH US! **HI, UNC!**





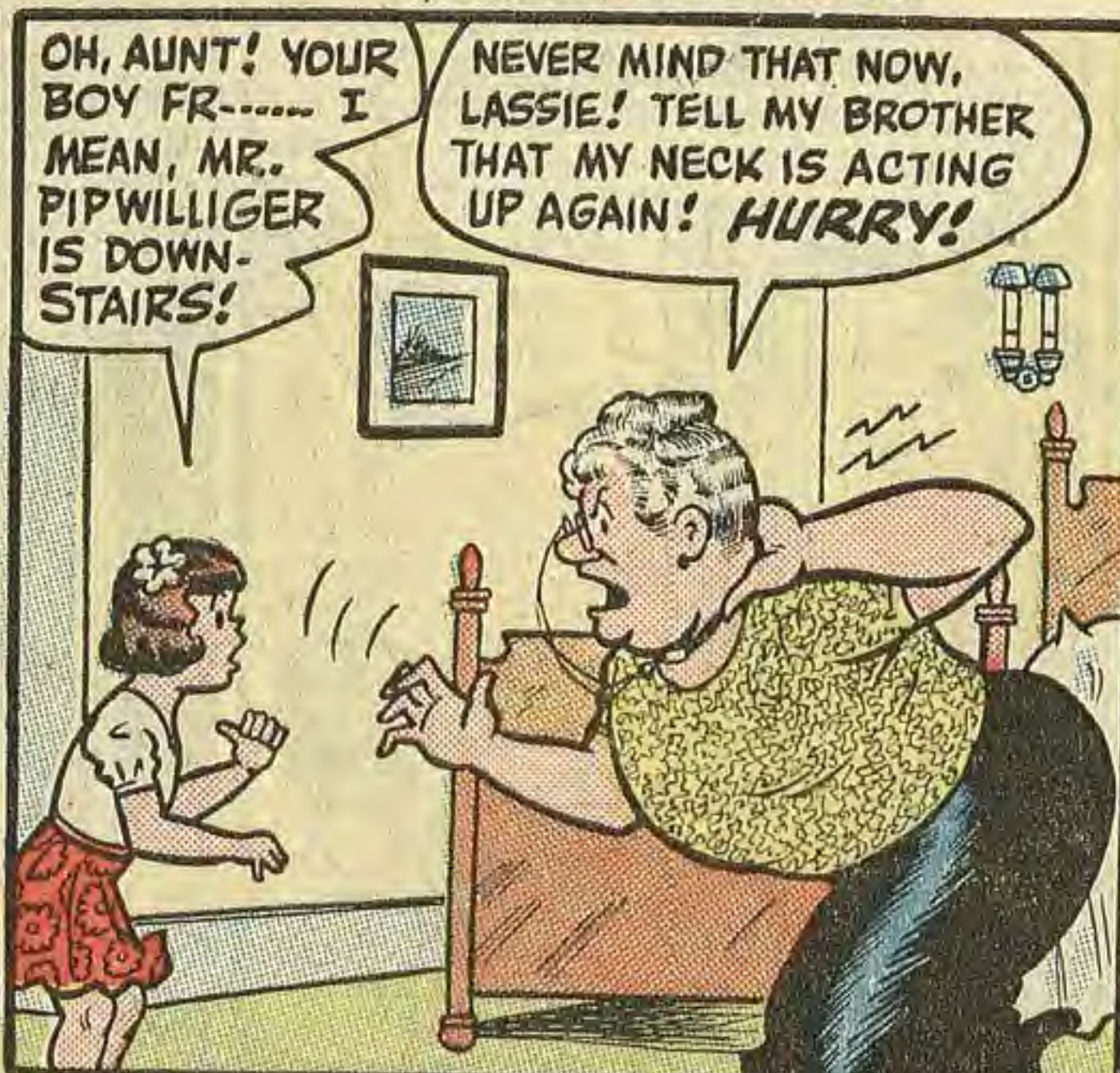








OH, BOTHER! THERE GOES THAT TRICK NECK OF MINE, OUT OF JOINT AGAIN! WELL, IT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR ACTING SO CHILDISH!



OH, AUNT! YOUR BOY FR----- I MEAN, MR. PIPWILLIGER IS DOWN-STAIRS!

NEVER MIND THAT NOW, LASSIE! TELL MY BROTHER THAT MY NECK IS ACTING UP AGAIN! **HURRY!**



DID I HEAR YOU MENTION YOUR NECK, SOPHIA? OKAY, HERE I COME!



DON'T BE ALARMED, KIDS! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO SNAP MY SISTER'S NECK BACK IN JOINT ... IT USUALLY TAKES ABOUT TWO MINUTES!

G-GOSH!

UGH!! LASSIE-- OUCH!! T-TELL MR. P. PIPWILLIGER I'LL ... OUCH!! ... BE RIGHT DOWN!



PHEW! YOUR UNCLE LOOKED JUST LIKE HE WAS CH-CHOKIN' HER, DIDN'T HE?



LADDIE! YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME ANOTHER **PEACHY IDEA!** LISTEN...!



ER... P. POOR AUNT SOPHIA WILL BE DOWN SOON... I **HOPE!**

POOR AUNT SOPHIA ??? YOU **HOPE?** WHY, WHAT'S WRONG?



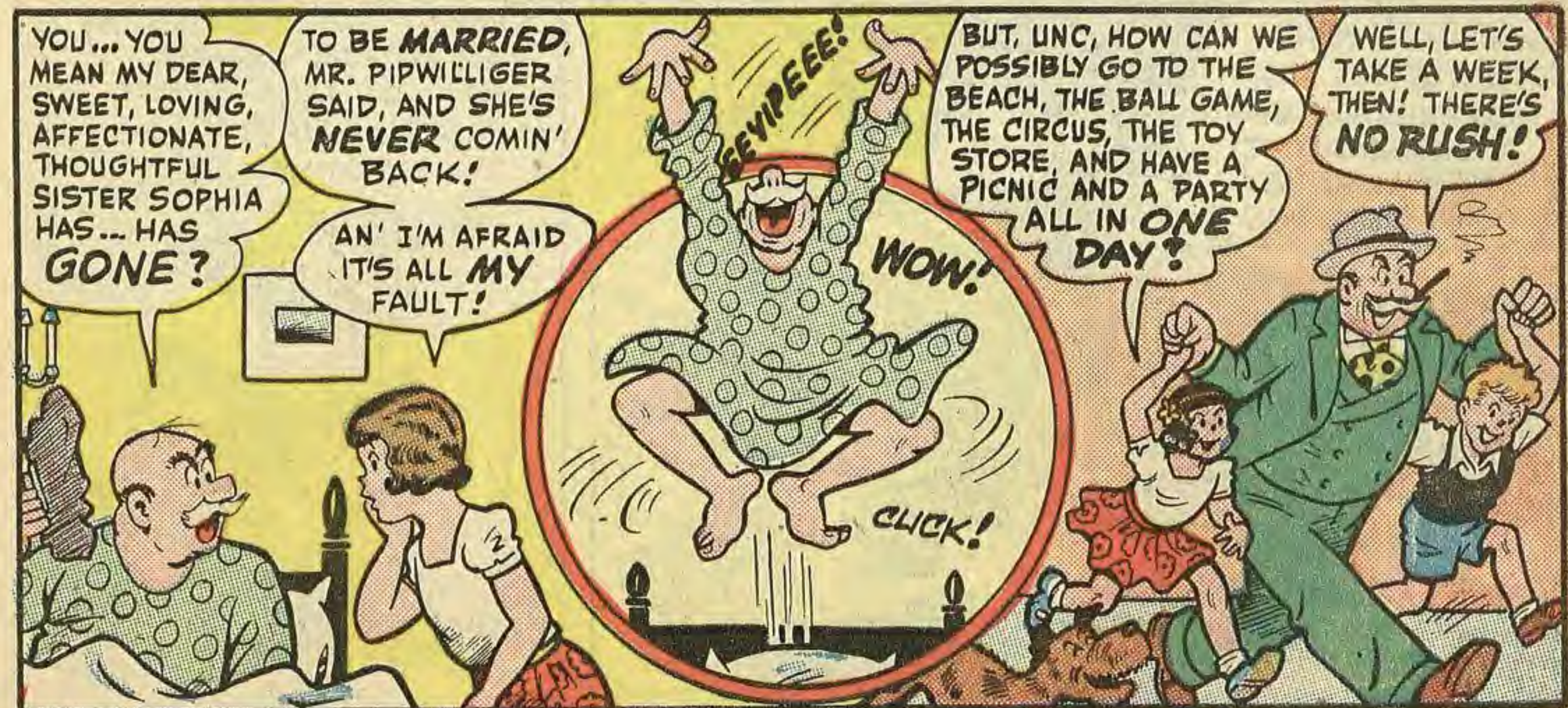
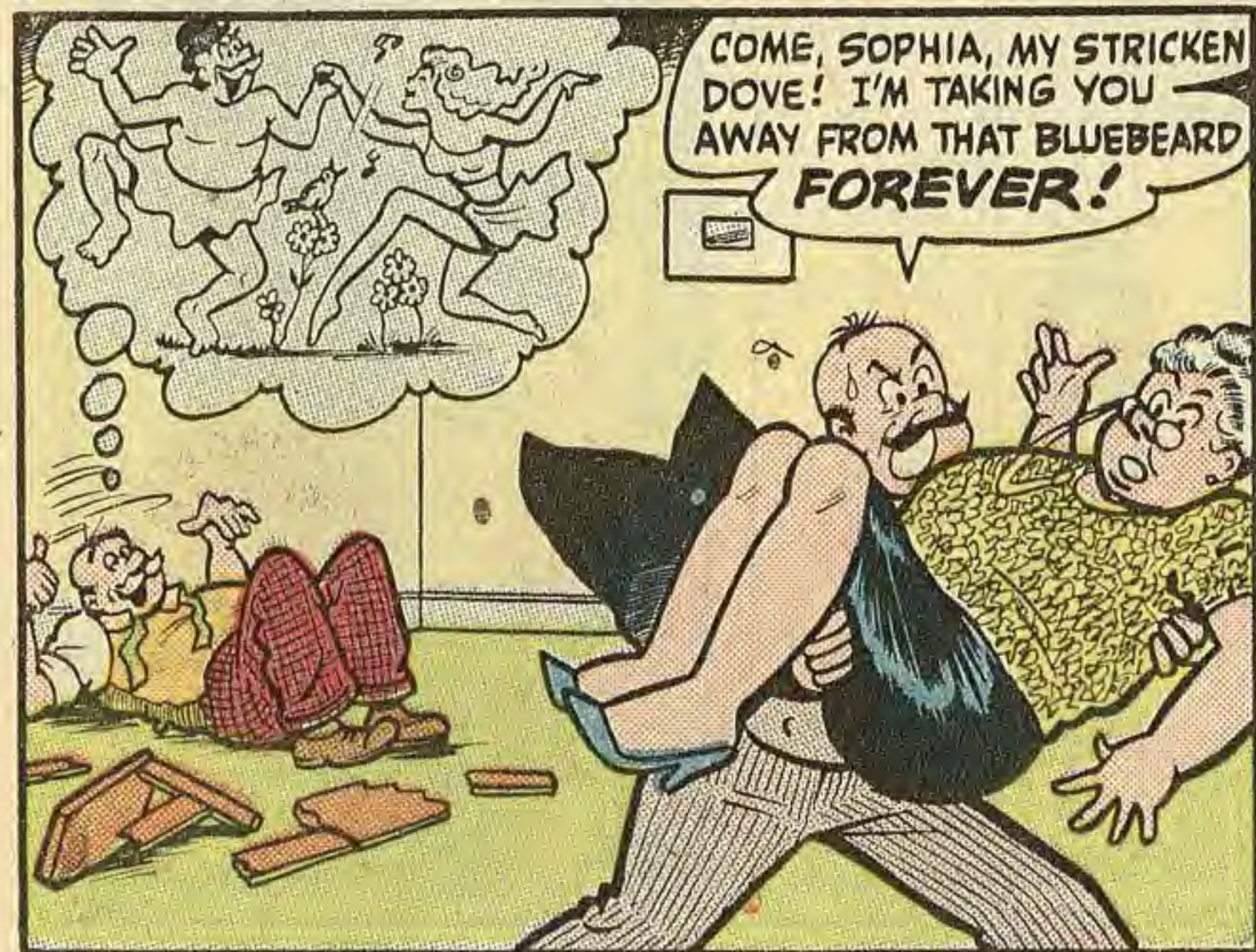
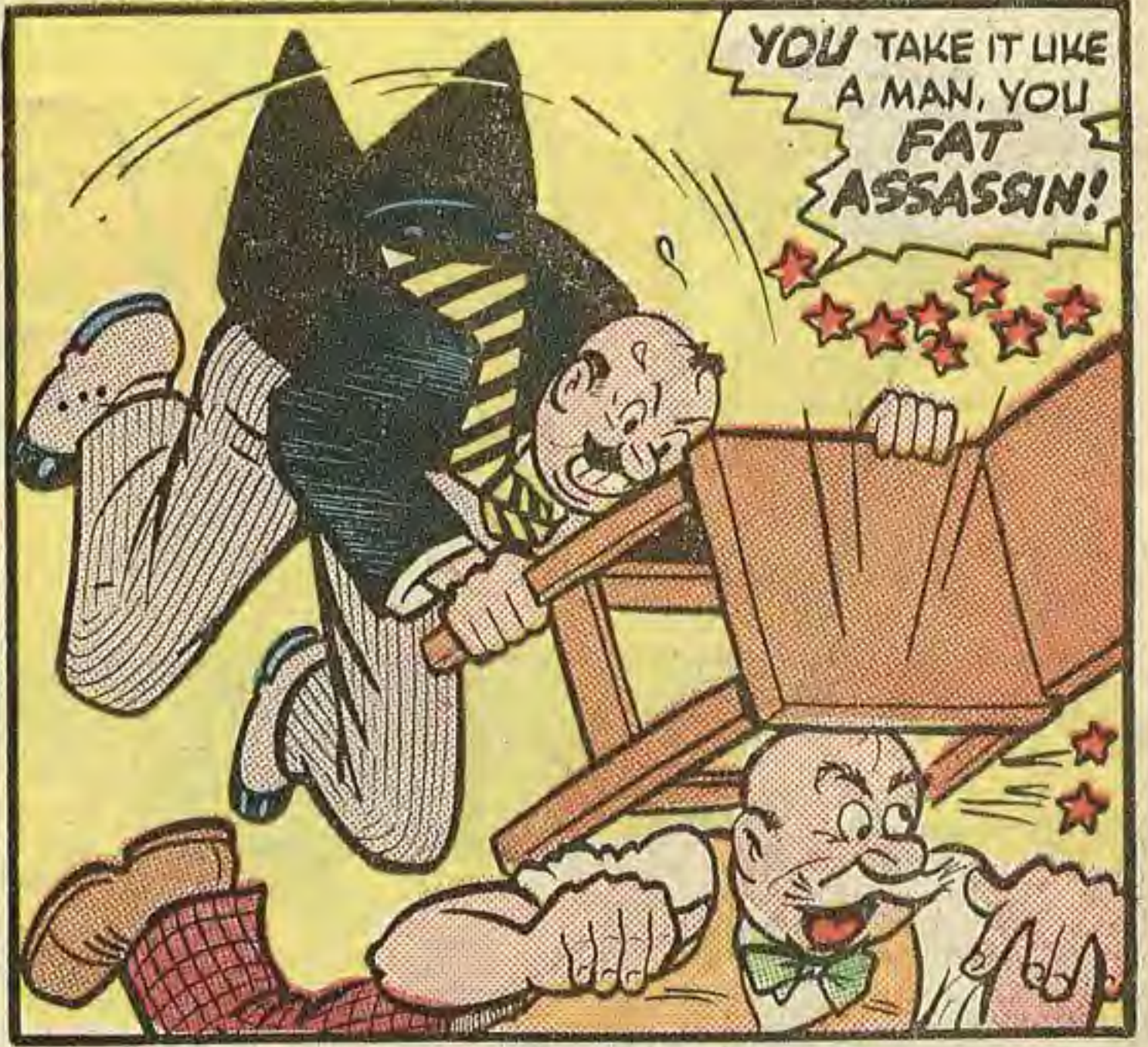
OOPS! I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT! ANYWAY, MAYBE UNCLE BALTY WON'T HURT HER ... **MUCH!**

WHAT?



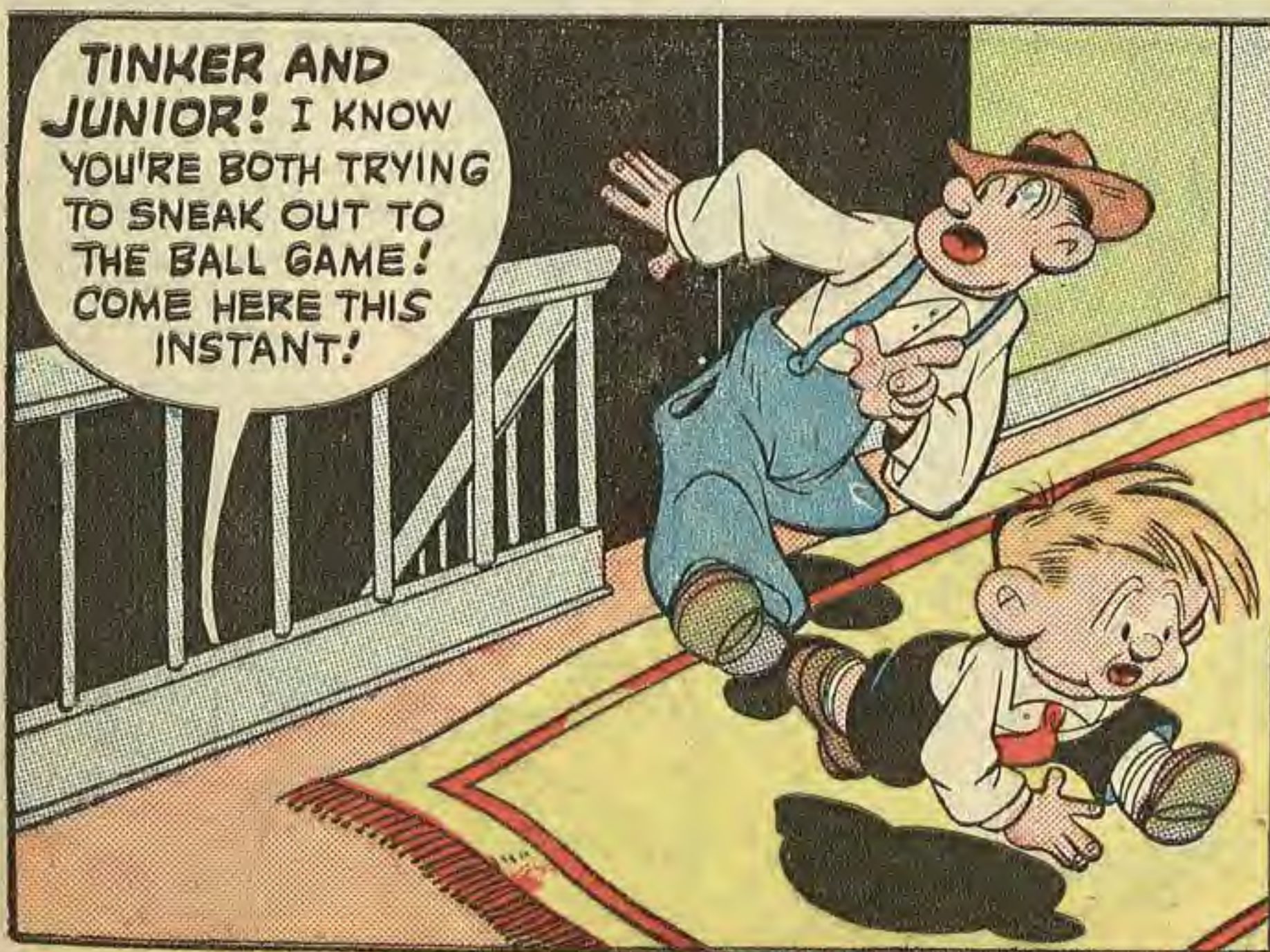
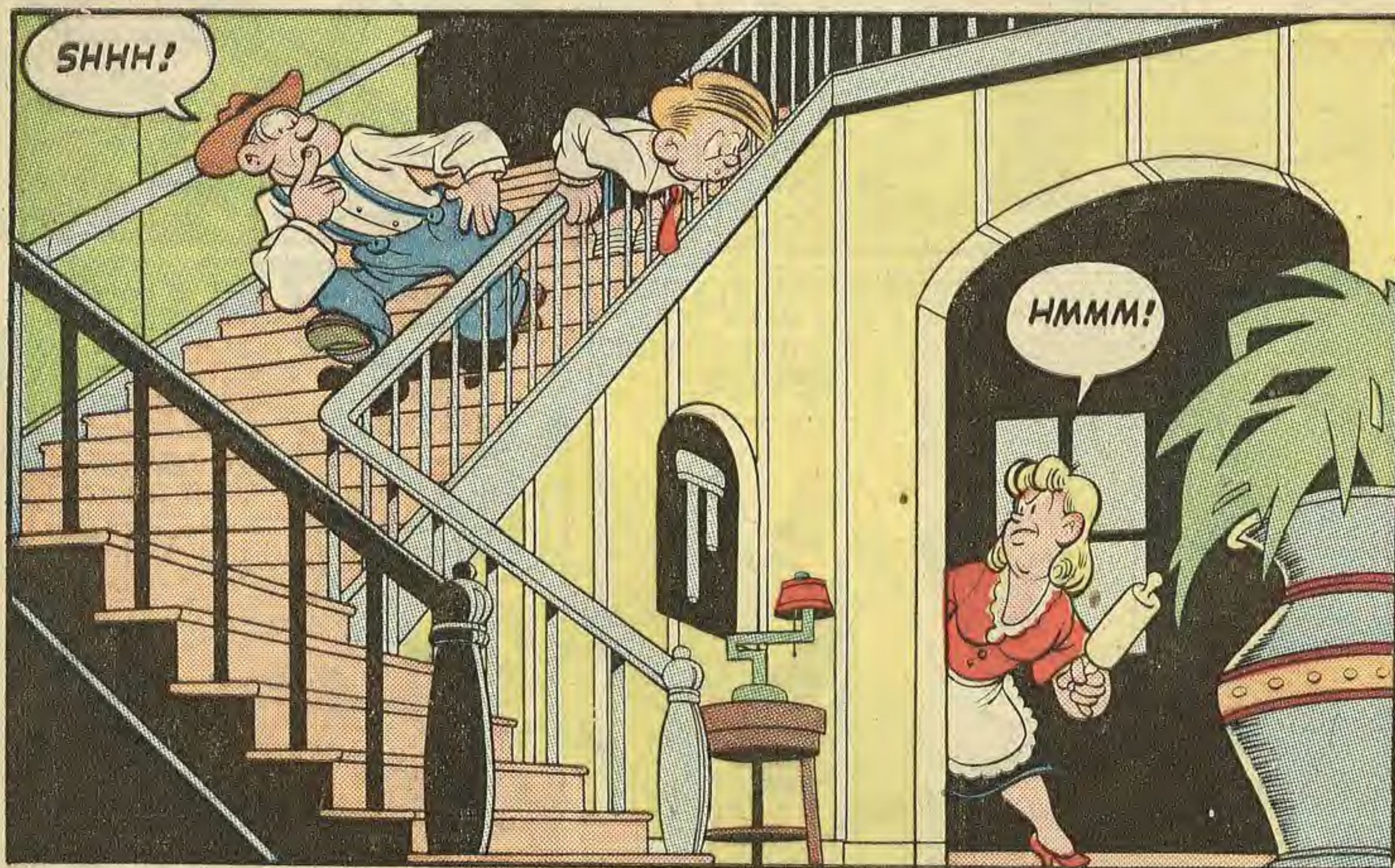
WHAT GOES **ON** HERE?

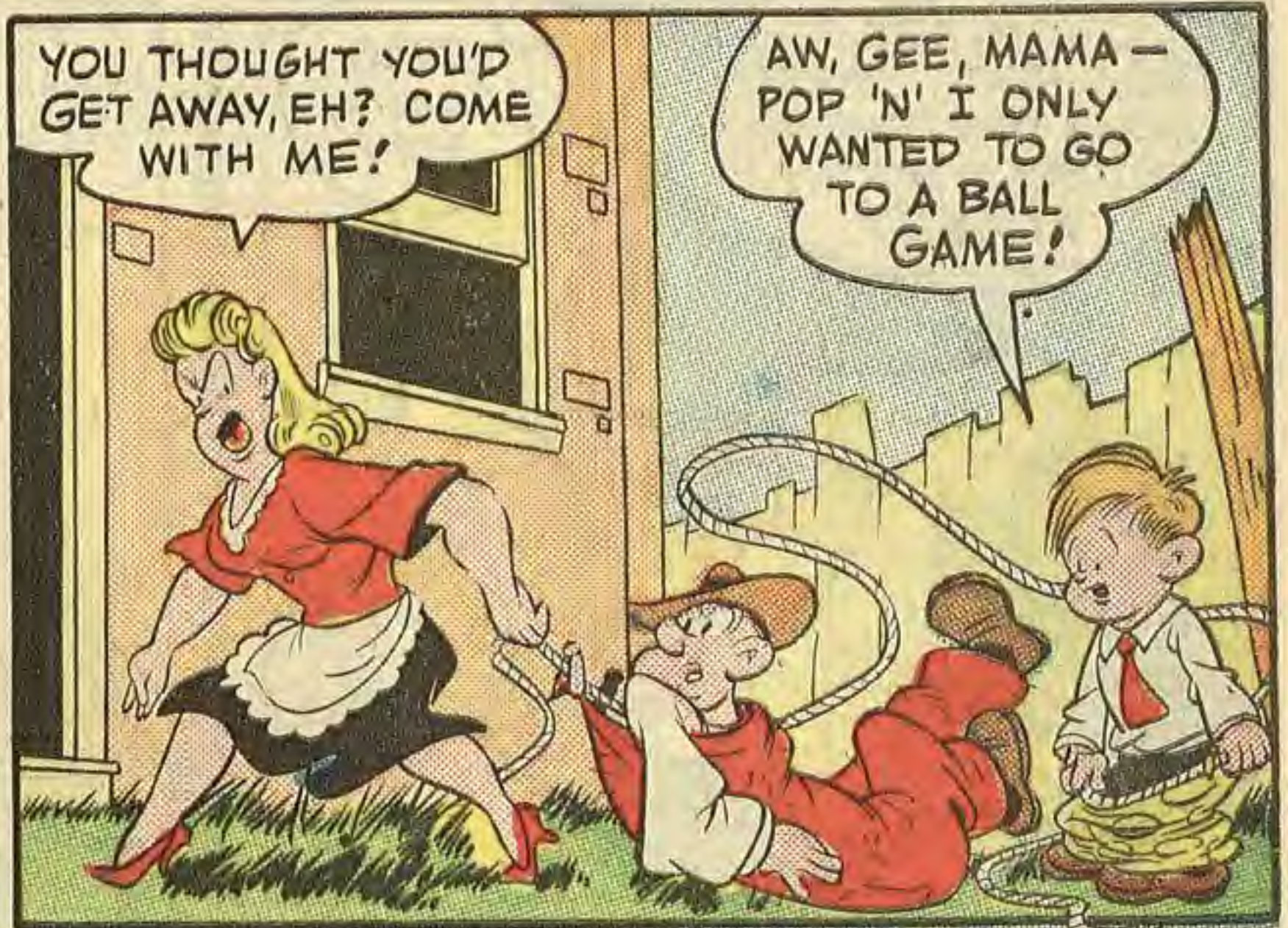
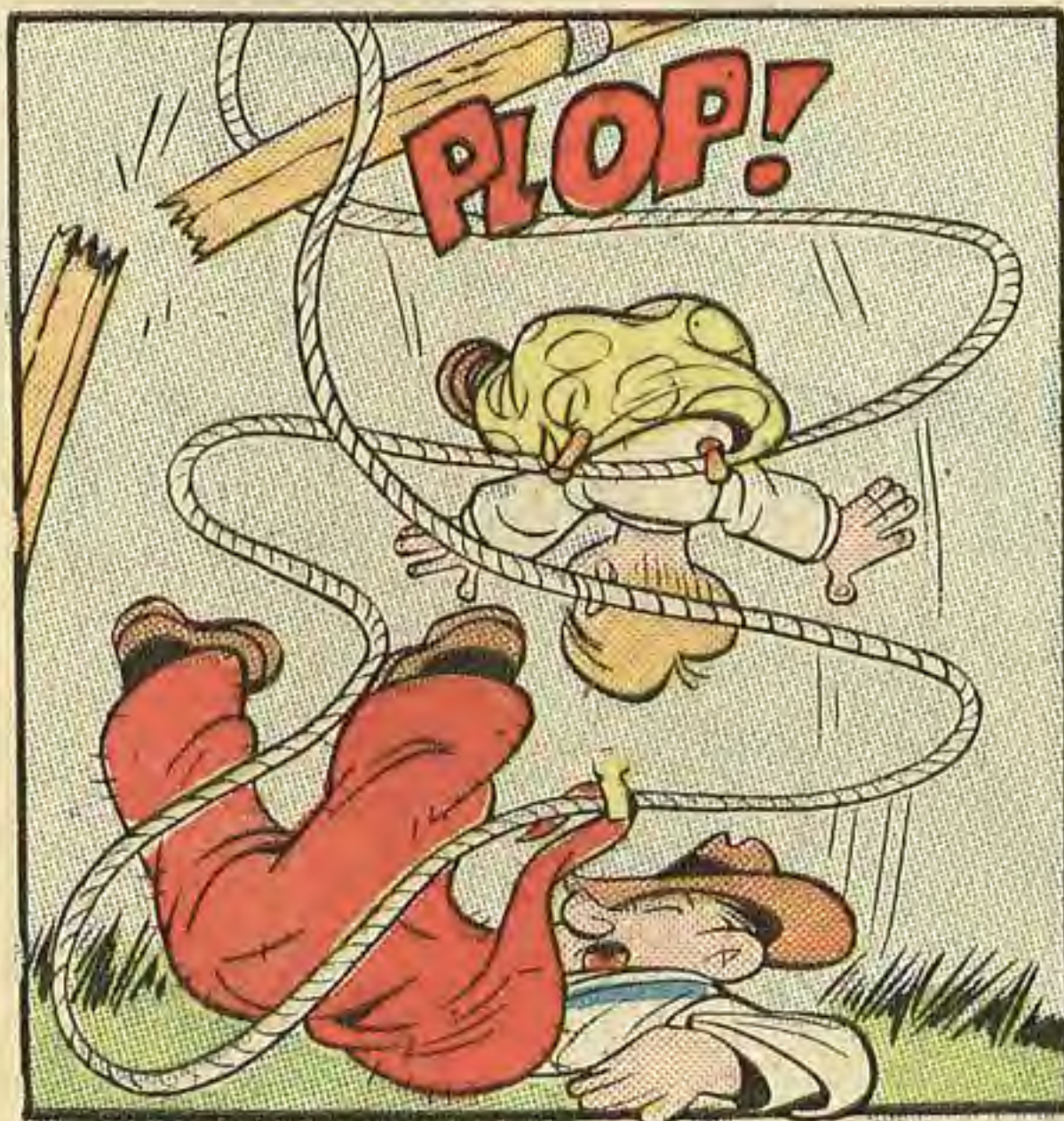
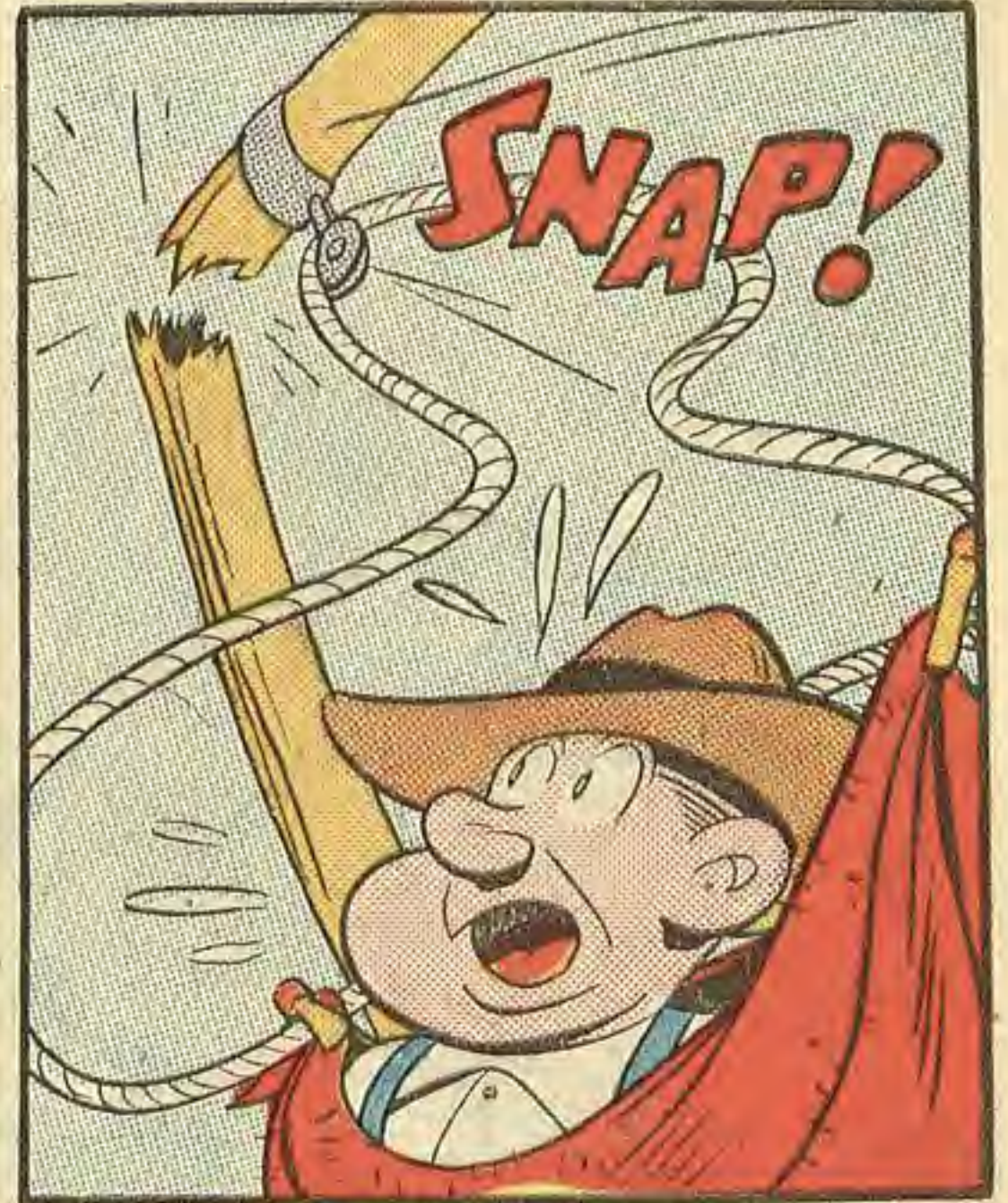
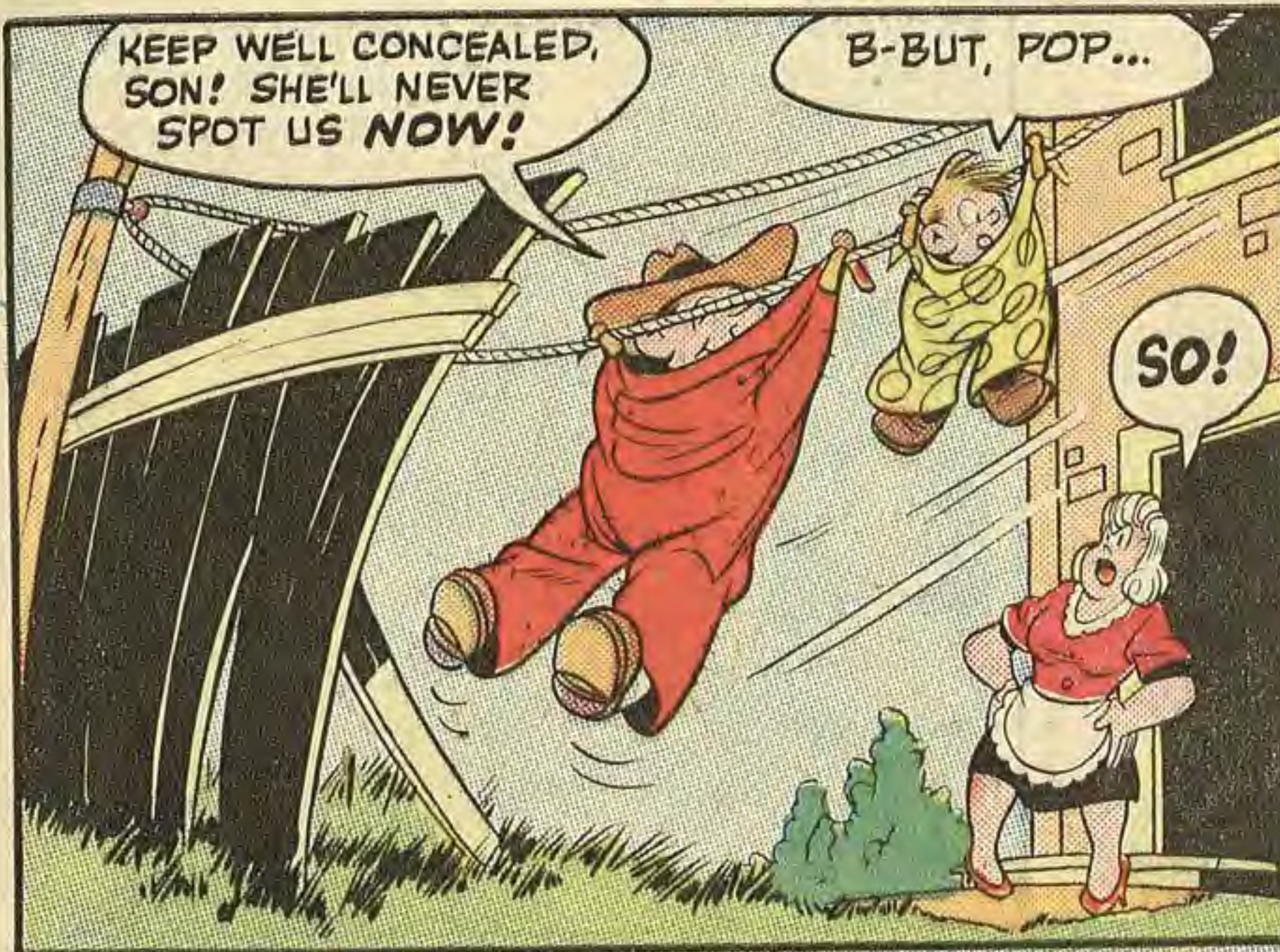
IT'S THE DOOR RIGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS!

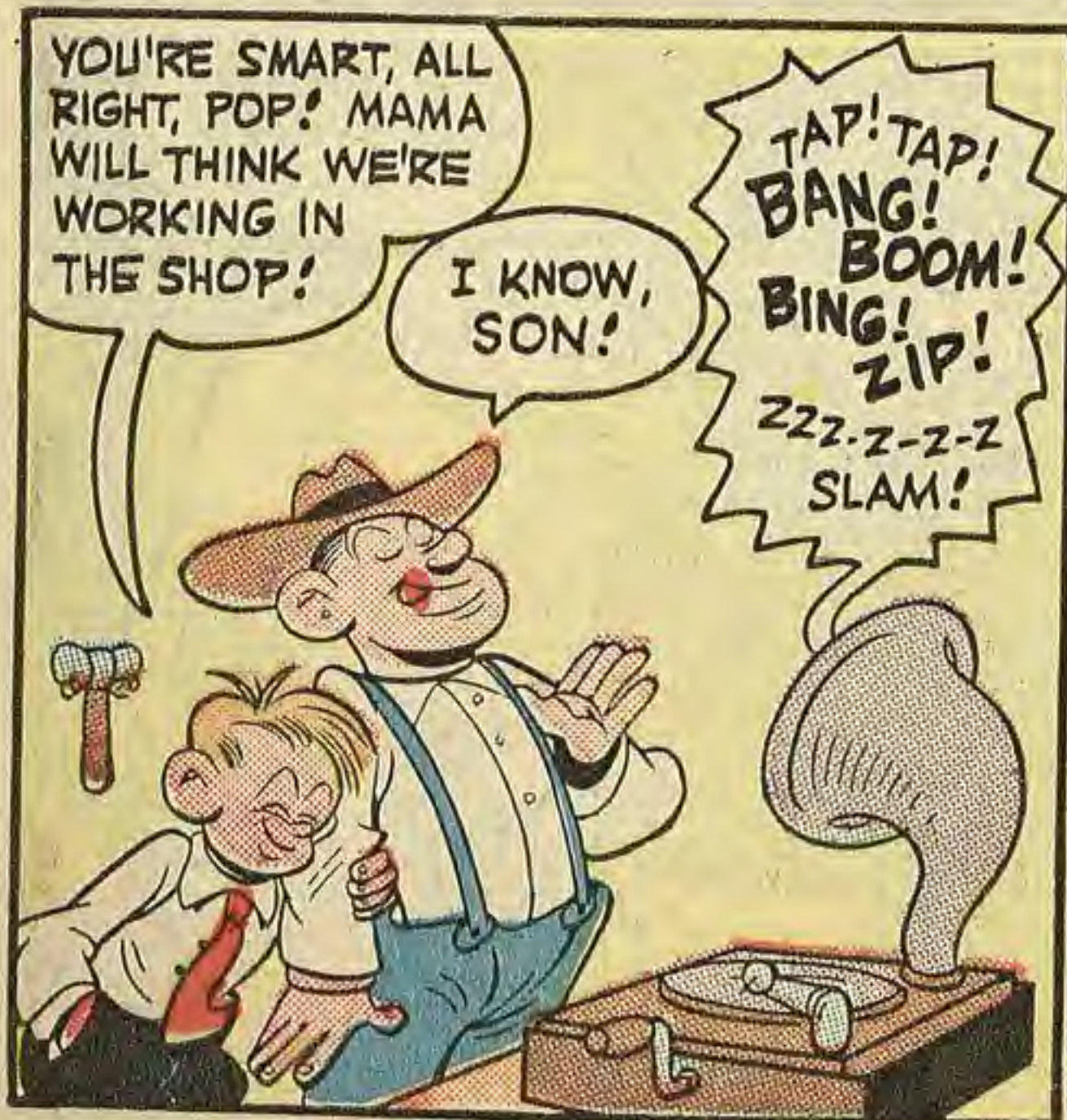
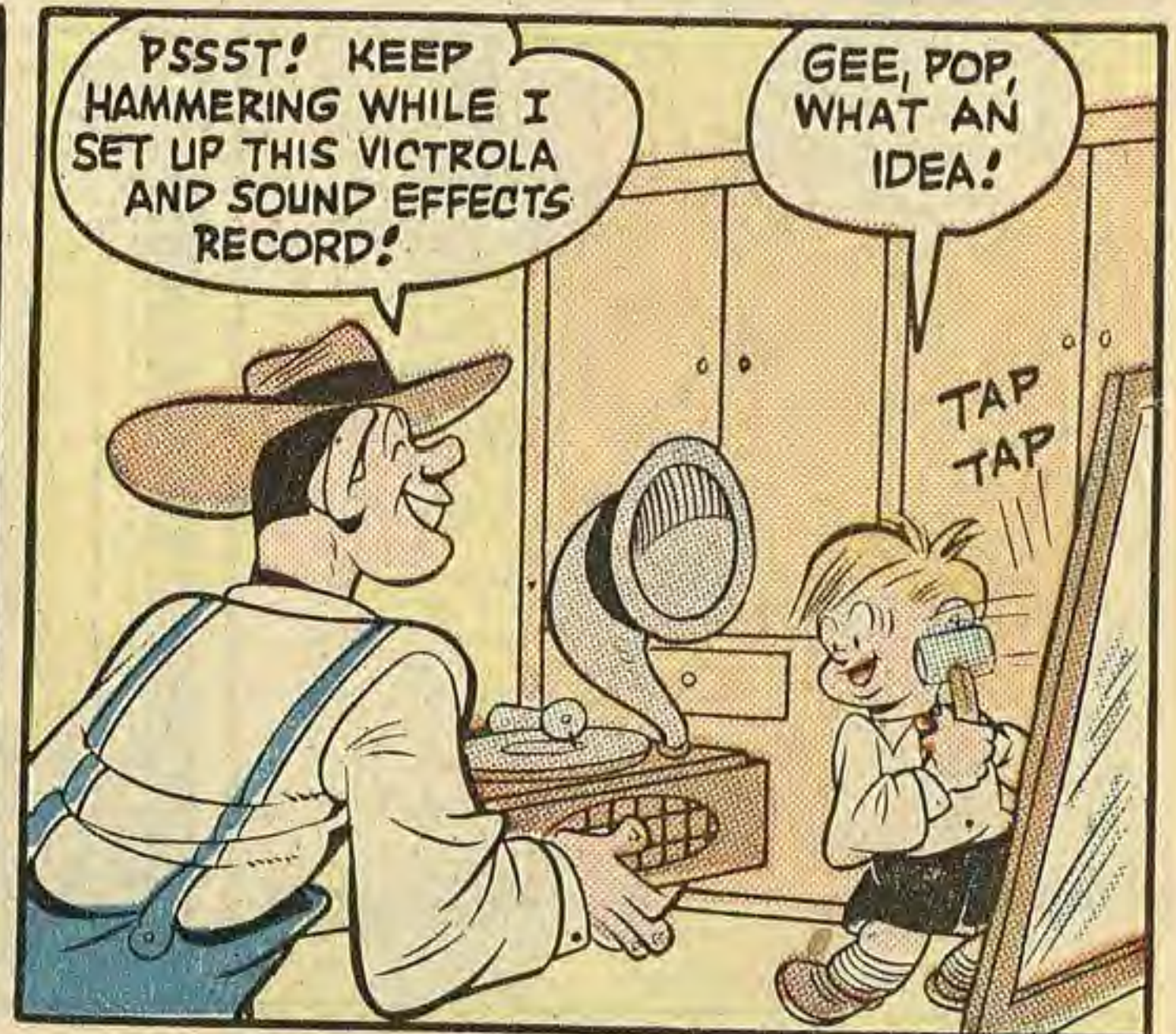
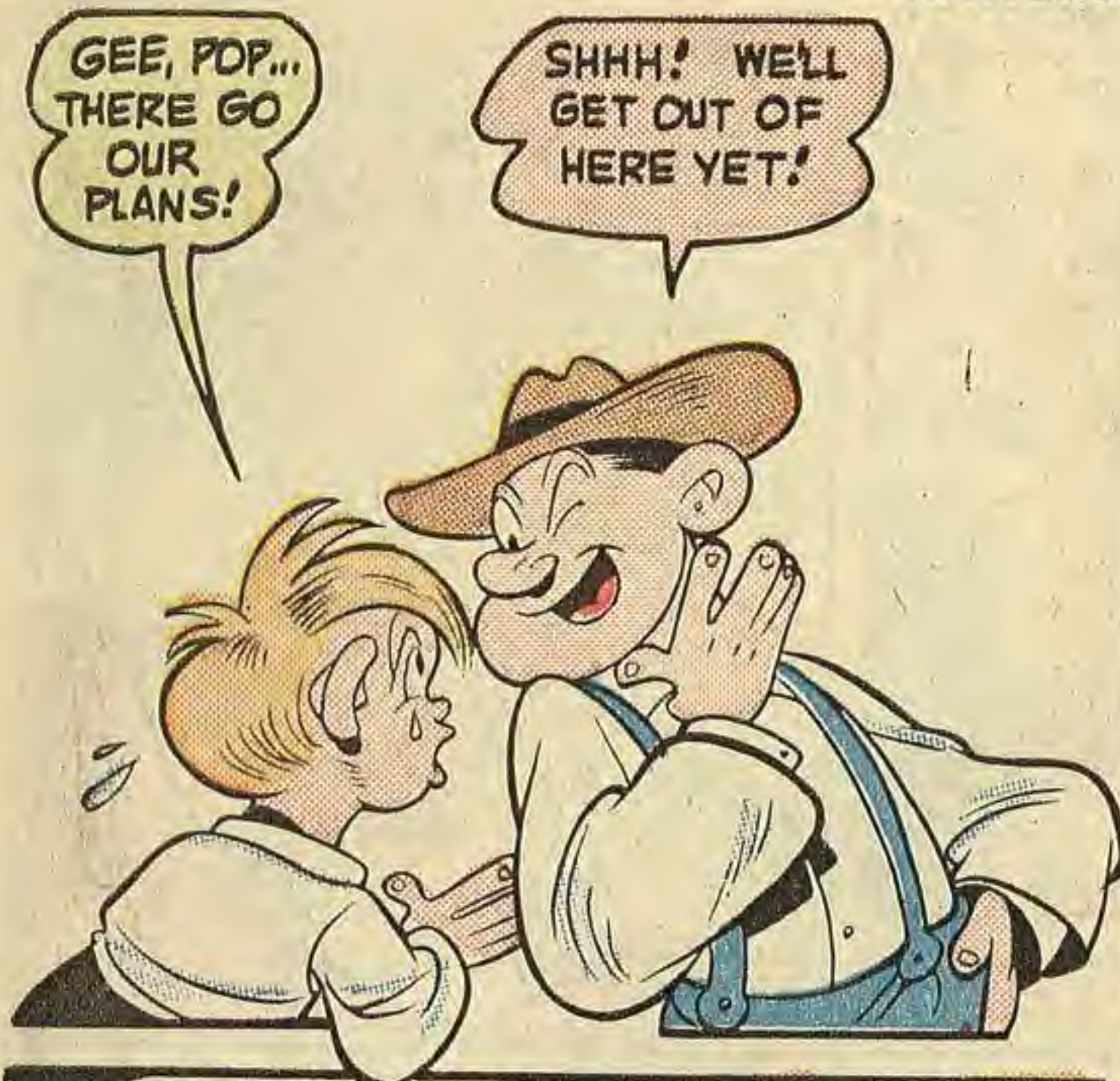


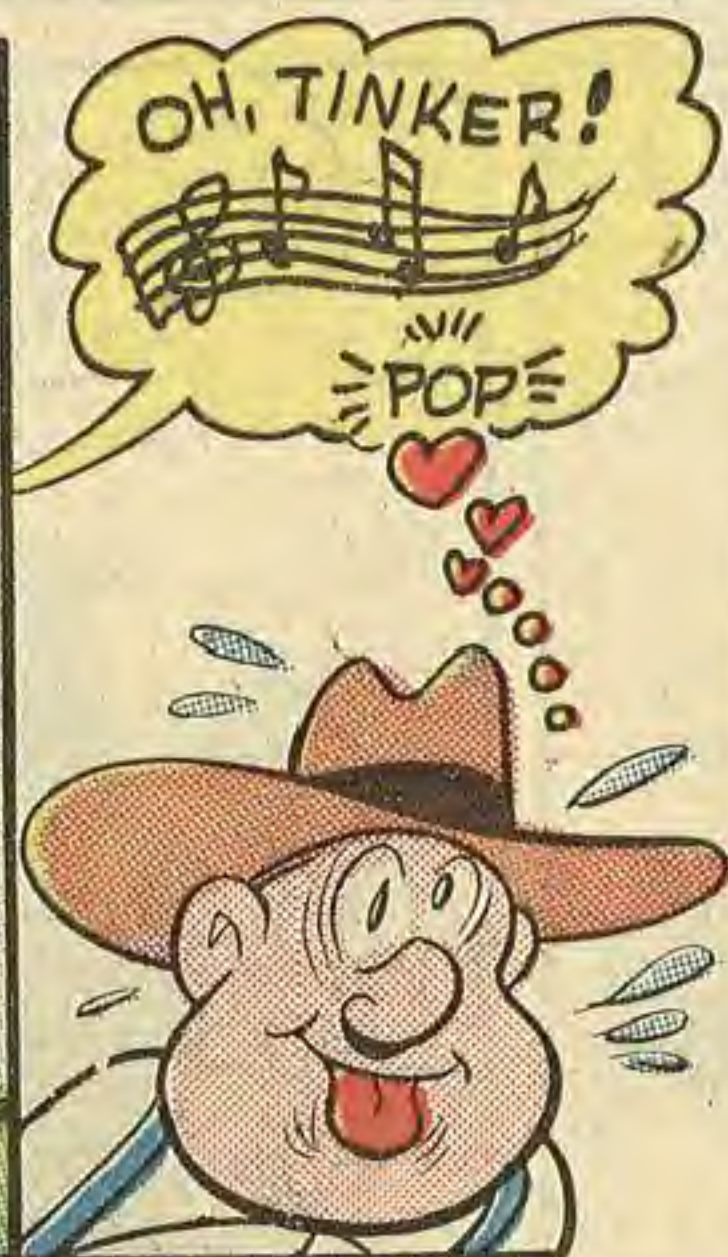
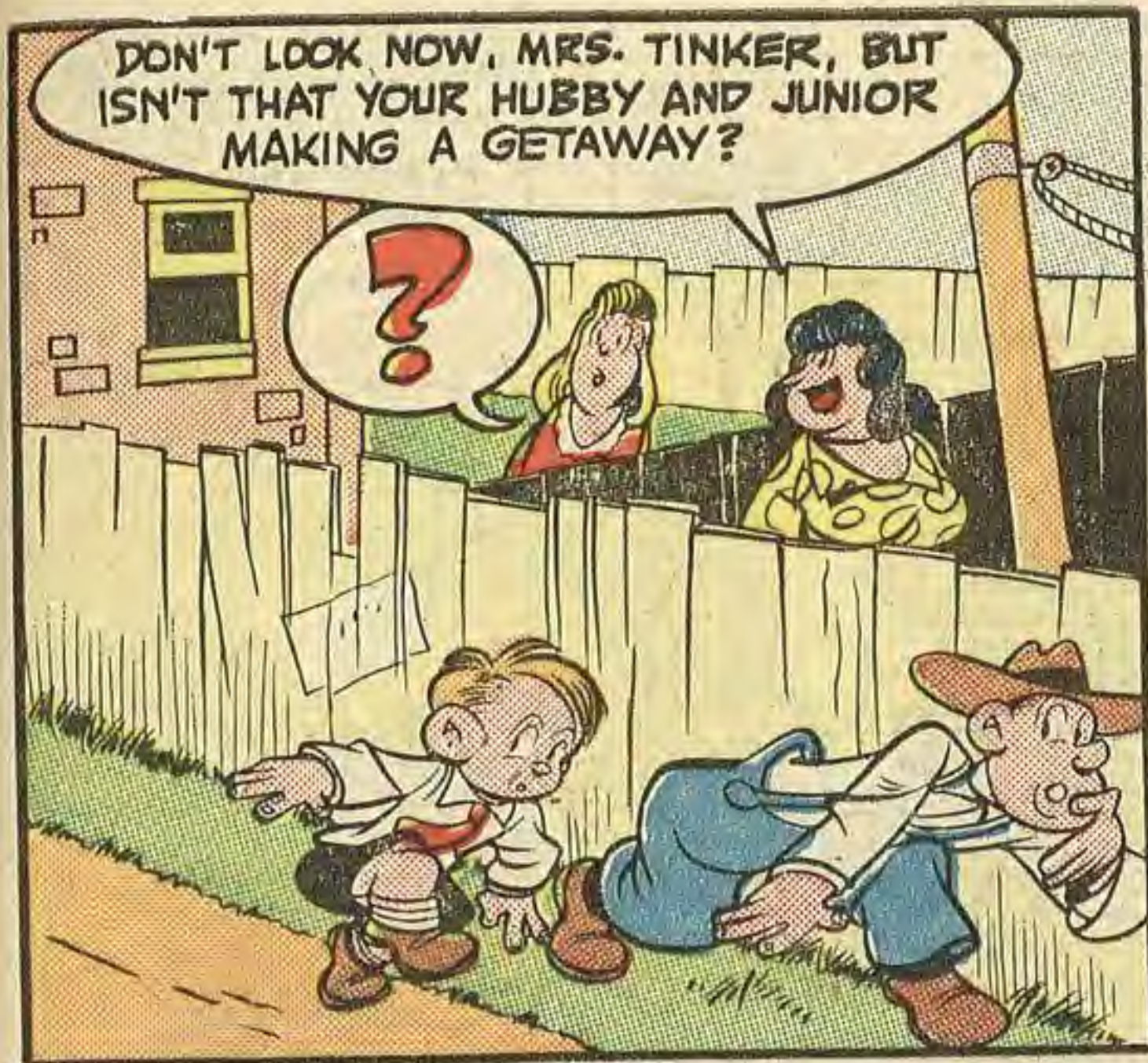
NATIONAL COMICS

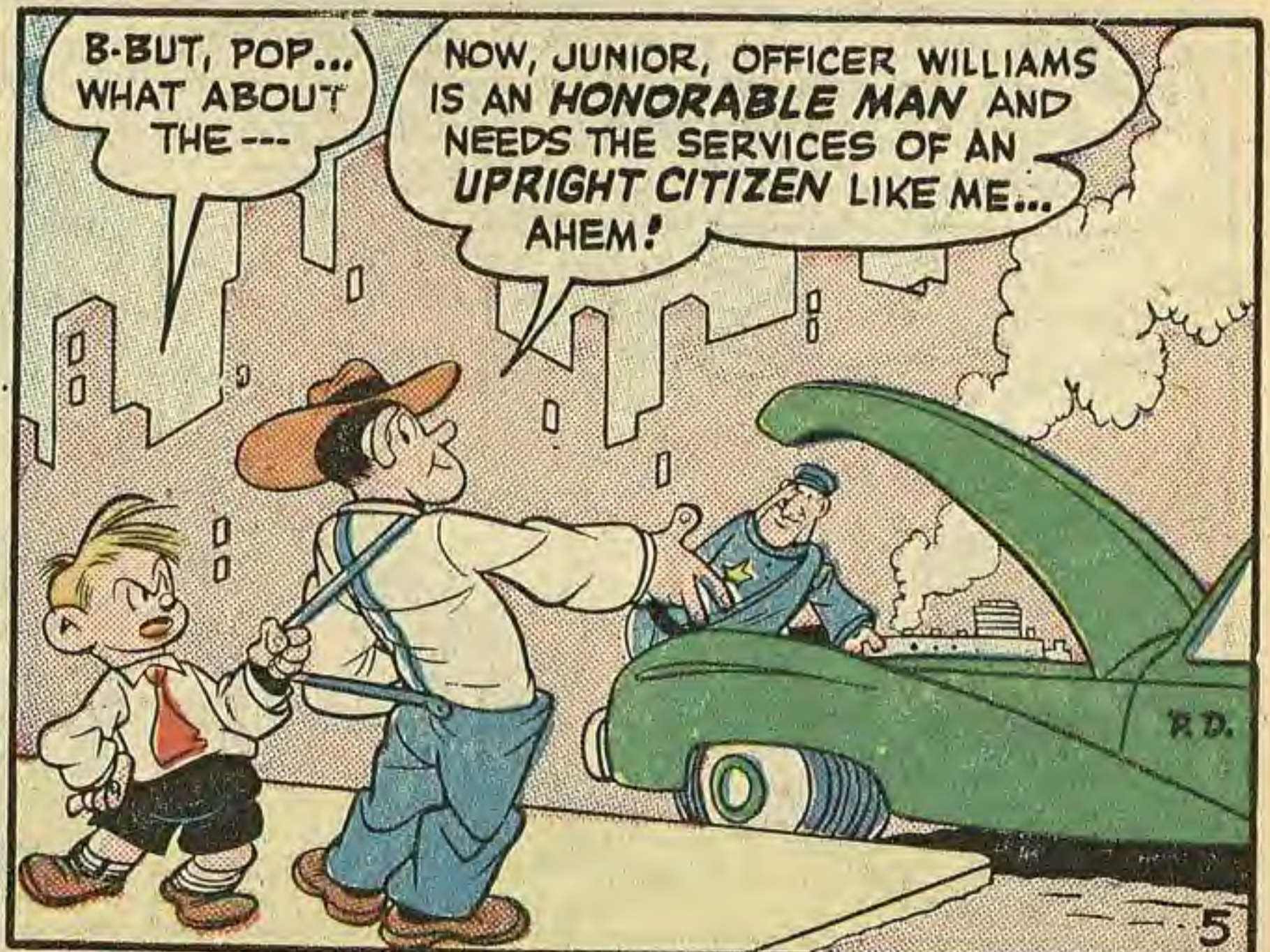
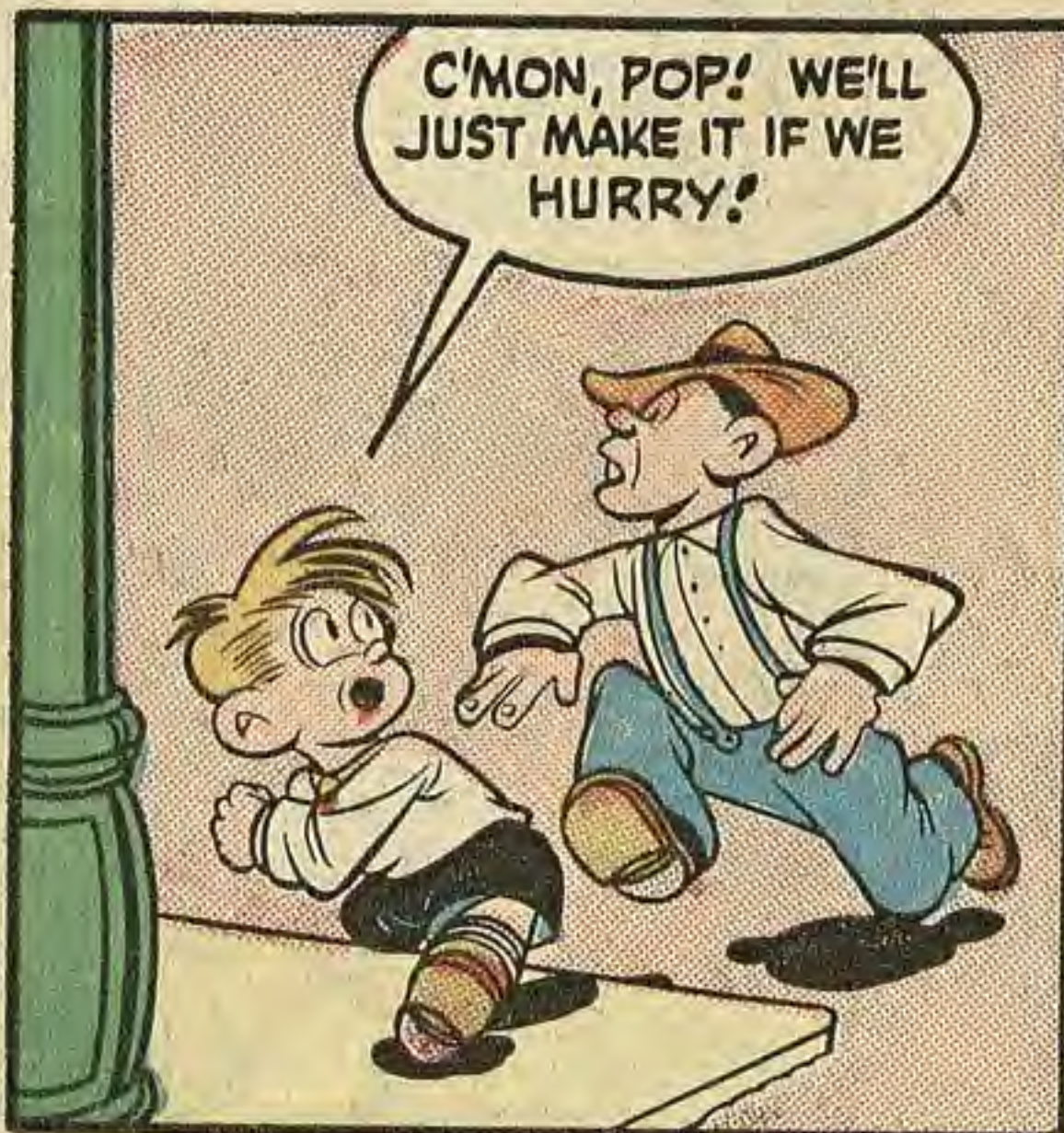
TINKER TOM

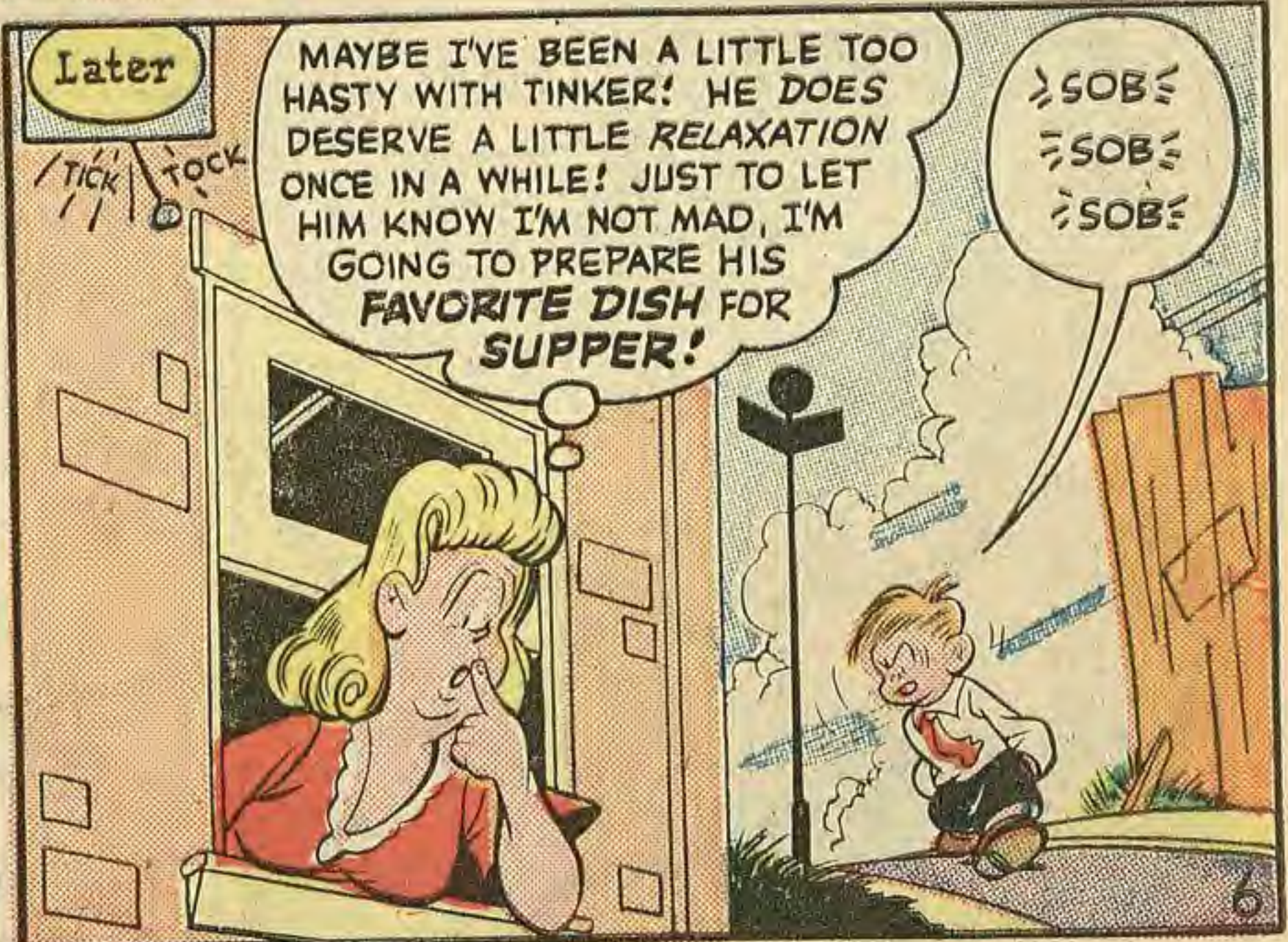


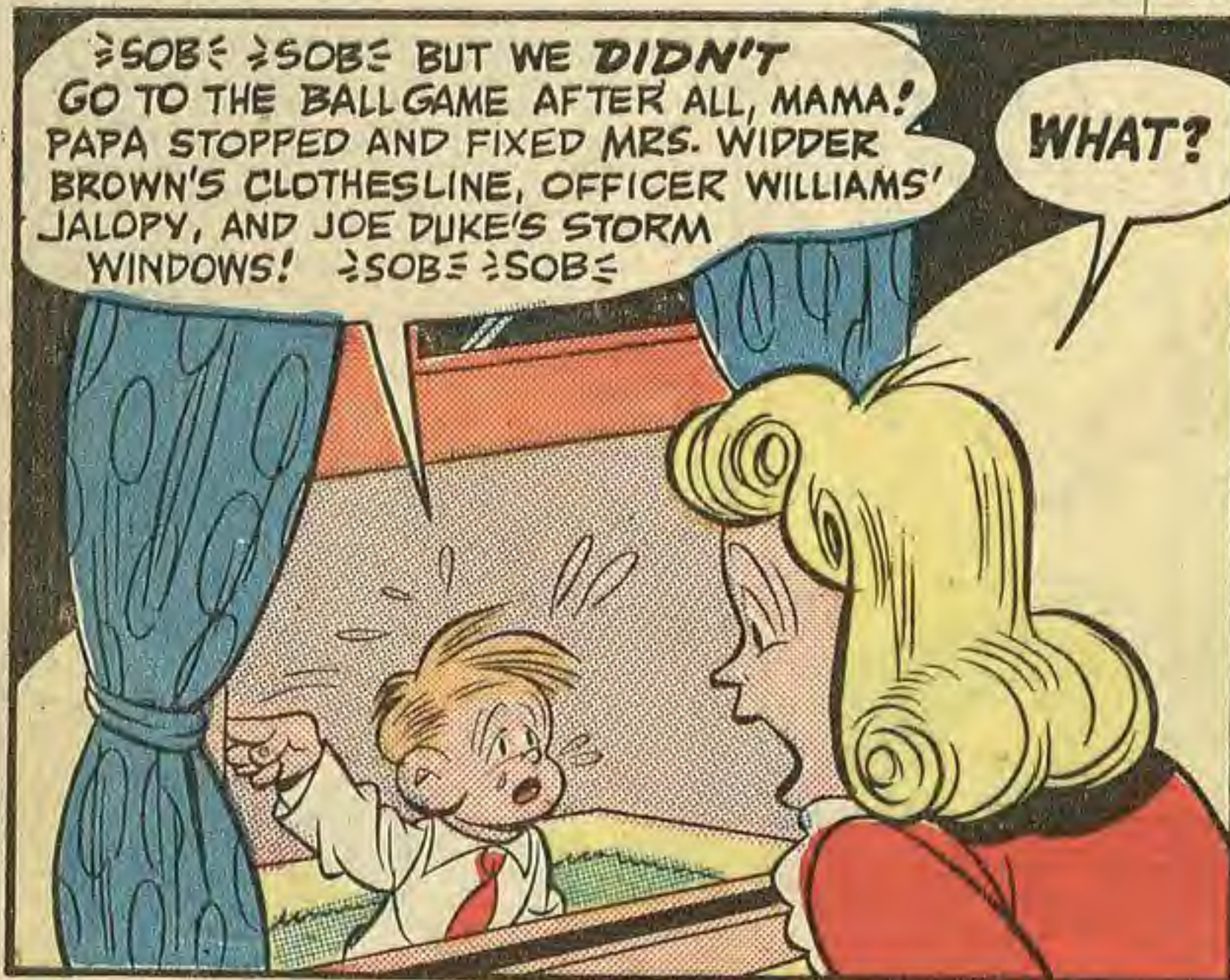












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How to Outbluff a VICIOUS DOG



at night!

... as recommended by
Lt. Comdr. Willy Necker,
Wheeling, Ill.—noted dog
trainer and judge at dog
shows...and wartime head
of U. S. Coast Guard War
Dog Training.



1 The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog may turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at night! If cornered —



2 Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flashlight! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however; so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important...



3 Keep still. Don't move. Don't run — it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won — he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

4 For bright light, white light, effective light — insist on "Eveready" batteries. For they have no equals — that's why they're the world's largest-selling flashlight batteries. Yet their extra light, extra life, cost you *nothing* extra!

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